HARDENBRASS

AND

HAVERILL,

OR,

The Secret of the Castle;

A NOVEL,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

CONTAINING

A MADMAN AND NO MADMAN—WHO WALKS—
DEEDS OF DARKNESS, &c.—
REMARKABLE CHARACTERS, INCIDENTS, ADVENTURES,
&c. &c. INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING.

VOL. I.

The time has been,
That when the brains were out the man would die.
SHAKS.

His physicians do fear him mightily. SHAKS.

——— ——— Spare not the babe,—
Think it a bastard,——
And min[illegible] it sans remorse. SHAKS.

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1817.

THE

Editor's Preface.

A NOVEL, entitled "JULIUS FITZ-JOHN," alluded to more than once in the course of this history, would have been published before it, but for an unavoidable accident: however, it will shortly appear before the public. The diversity and variety of its characters and incidents, almost all taken from real life, will prove both instructive and entertain-

ing to such as prefer pictures of real life and manners, to false feeling, puling morality, and mawkish sentiment; in short, what is natural to what is absurd and monstrous.

These works were written originally for their Author's amusement: yet will they yield much profit as well as pleasure, either if they at all tend to restore a more natural way of writing than has prevailed of late in the greater part of books of entertainment, (whose fulsome pages, whatever their pretences may be, are injurious to morality and the best interests of society), or if they conduce to a reformation of an

absurd and dangerous system of female education, now in vogue, well calculated to disappoint the hopes of parents, and to poison their children's felicity.

We shall not, however, enter into any discussion in our preface: we mean only to inform thee, gentle Reader, of the aim and tendency of the following pages, in which, though thou mayest sometimes meet with mirth and pleasantry, and scenes from humble life, thou wilt assuredly find nothing inculcated prejudicial to virtue and sound morality, nothing which can mislead the judgment, give a wrong bias to the mind,

or corrupt the heart. Having premised thus much, we leave thee to the perusal of this entertaining and instructive history, from which, if thou hast sagacity, thou wilt not rise up ungratified.

THE

Author to his Book.

GO, little Book—though indeed thou art not little of thine age, seeing thy bulk is four fat volumes—go, Book, into the world, whither thou hast desired to go. Thou hast no parent's name to shelter thee, (for as soon as thou settest thy foot in thy new lodgings at my good friend the Bookseller's, thy loving father will turn his back on thee),

thou hast no swollen-cheeked puffers to smooth thy way and trumpet forth thy praises; but a numberless crew of the lop-eared tribe lie in wait to assail thee, to misrepresent thy harmless innocent mirth, to vilify and calumniate thy honest intention, thy laudable detestation of folly, vice, and crime, thy zeal in the cause of virtue, to kick and cuff thy carcass, and heap maledictions on thy head. It will boot thee but little, though thou mayest laugh to think thou hast their pictures in thy pages.

Seeing thou art thus obnoxious to the assaults of so vast an host, it be-

hoves me, like a tender parent, to furnish thee with the best armour that I can against their so furious kicks, cuffs, and back-strokes. Whisper, then, when thou seest any more vehement and spiteful than the rest, whisper softly into his long ears, "*I have* BROTHERS *and* SISTERS."

HARDENBRASS

AND

HAVERILL

CHAP. I.

An Eulogium on the Sun.—An Introduction to Mrs. Puffin.—A Misfortune which rouses the second in command.

THE sun, that glorious luminary, whose impartiality in the distribution of his favours, all men, all reasonable men I mean, must be ready to acknowledge, had travelled with his accustomed speed from the equator towards the south pole, in compassion to those living creatures who may inhabit the regions in that neighbourhood not yet explored by man,

and had left the natives of this highly-favoured land exposed to the blasts of an autumnal sky, and all those threatening storms that foretel the approach of winter; in plain English, it was about the latter end of October, and some time past noon, when Mrs. Puffin, the landlady of the ale-house at Pont-y-V— ordered her brawney servant Joan to put more coal on the fire in the best room, and get the pipes ready. "Come wench," said she, "stir and be handy. I see we shall have a storm, and the gentlemen will be here before you can cry skip! Winter comes soon this year, a curse to it; it will take away all our wisstors."

"Marry, mistress, I hope not," replied the girl, "for this town be as bad as Merlin's Cave, when all the gentlevolks be gone. I hope, at least, hur above in the room will stop; hur be main civil, and don't trouble much like they English oft do."

"And what have you to do with your

defluxions on the English, you Welsh cheese, you," cried Mrs. Puffin, "you might have more decency than to defluct on they, seeing I have the honour to be of that nation, and have served His Majesty, God for ever bless the mark of him, into the bargain."

Joan would have replied, and doubtless might have raised a storm within, in comparison to which that which was beginning to howl without, would have been as a mole-hill to Cader Idris, (we beg the reader will not mistake us, and fancy we mean to compare a storm to a mountain,) but a sudden accident diverted her own and Mrs. Puffin's attention. This was no less than the fall and consequent destruction of a number of new pipes, which, according to her orders, the warm-blooded girl was about to deposit on the table for the use of the expected guests. She no sooner saw the wreck she had made, than she began to swear in Welsh at her own awkwardness,

and while she was so engaged, she generously interspersed a few blessings on her mistress and the whole of the English race.

The violence of the maid served in some degree to cool the mistress, who could not help laughing at the faces she made, and the gestures she used; and like a prudent commander, Mrs. Puffin began to consider in what way she could best repair the misfortune, and prevent her company from suffering a disappointment. She bid Joan gather up the pieces, and be quiet; and going to the door of a small room that opened into the kitchen, she called loud enough to have awakened King Arthur, "Kit! Kit! Puffin, I say!"

"Well!" growled a deep hoarse voice.

"Well! not so well, you old dog, you," replied Mrs. Puffin, "here's this Welsh hussey has a-cracked and crushed all the pipes, I wish she had the Welsh mountains on her back! and I vant you to march down to Doctor Stirit, and vetch

some more; he have a new cargo, I know."

I can't march to-day," answered Kit Puffin, "I've unbuckled my legs."

"Then you may buckle them on again, you old slinker," said Mrs. Puffin, "for I must have the pipes, and the Doctor will be here soon, and a pretty hurly balloo he'll make, if he have not all right in line like.—"

Mr. Puffin was long inexorable to the threats and entreaties of his beloved wife, but at last he yielded, and prepared to sally forth to the shop of Doctor Stirit; and after a delay, not a little vexatious to the active landlady, and which her remonstrances served probably to prolong, he made his appearance in the kitchen;—but we will describe him in a new chapter.

CHAP. II.

The History of Mr. Puffin.—A Mistake and its Consequences.—A Stranger.—A singular Remedy for a broken Head.

THE figure that now appeared in the kitchen of the Cheese-toaster, in the town of Pont-y-V—, was a very remarkable one. It was the head and trunk of a man who had measured, when in his prime, six feet three inches; he was of a very robust make, and florid complexion, with hair as red as the fire in his wife's kitchen. He had seen much service, and escaped wonderfully well during some laborious campaigns, in which he had risen to the rank of sergeant in the —th; but at last the fortune of war changed, and at the battle of S———a he was desperately wound-

ed in the legs. By great good luck he was not left to expire on the field, as many a brave fellow has done; but being carried to the hospital, he suffered the amputation of both legs, and after his cure he accompanied his present lady and some other old campaigners to his native land. She was so agreeable during the voyage, and spoke so respectfully and tenderly of her third and last husband, whom she had just lost, that she conquered the heart of Sergeant Puffin; and soon after they landed, he married her. They each enjoyed a pension from government, and having an uncle who kept the Cheese-toaster at Pont-y-V—, they travelled into Wales to pay him a visit. As he was considerably in years, and had lost his wife, he engaged his nephew and Mrs. Puffin to stay with him, and soon after relinquished the concern to them, and dying left them the little property he had accumulated.

On two wooden legs then, Sergeant Puffin, now known by the title of Captain Cheese Toaster, entered the kitchen, and sitting down on an old oak chest that stood in one corner, he took a silk handkerchief from his pocket, and while he listened to his wife's instructions and injunctions to make haste back, he tied it deliberately round his neck. When at last he was completely equipped, he thrust a quid of tobacco into his cheek, and essayed to sally forth.

But now a new difficulty arose which almost destroyed the patience of Mrs. Puffin. In amputating the sergeant's legs, the surgeon had not taken care to leave the same length of stump on each side, which the sergeant frequently declared was a serious inconvenience to him! and on the present occasion he found it one; for he discovered before he reached the door, that in his haste to oblige his wife, he had buckled his wooden substitutes on the

wrong limbs, and this mistake threw him quite off his balance.

"Holla! you dog! to the right about, wheel!" cried he, making a plunge with his right leg, which proved much shorter than he expected, as did his career; for he fell with no small force against an itinerant vender of crockery-ware, who was at that moment entering the house with his well-filled basket, and knocked the poor man and his crockery to the ground.

What pen can describe the lamentations that succeeded this tremendous crash! What imagination can figure to itself the countenances of the sergeant, the landlady, the crockery man, or Joan? Poor Puffin, whose head was cut, and who bled profusely, cursed the surgeon who had deprived him of his legs, so unlike a workman; his wife, who had obliged him to buckle them on, and Joan who had broken the pipes. The vender of pots called out loudly for damages for the assault he had suffered, vowing that the

basket was worth twelve pounds; the landlady abused him for bringing his trumpery there, and promised him he should not have a farthing, and Joan employed herself in picking up the remains of the pots of various descriptions that had been slain in the encounter. She was examining one, doubtless intended to ornament the apartment of some gentle damsel, for it had the ——'s picture at the bottom, when the party was encreased by the appearance of the gentleman from above, who had been somewhat alarmed by the noise that now reigned in the inn, and who descended, partly to satisfy his curiosity, and partly to endeavour to be of use if his assistance was wanted.

The gentleman who descended the stairs, at the Cheese-toaster, at Pont-y V— was a young man of about six and twenty, but from his style of dress, the deep melancholy impressed on his countenance, where grief seemed to have fairly tricked time at the game of wrinkles,

and the effects of a severe illness, he appeared at least forty. He had been what the ladies call a fine young man, that is, he was a good size, well proportioned, with rather handsome features, and expressive eyes. He was dressed in a jacket and trowsers made of coarse dark cloth, and somewhat like a shooting jacket, a light great coat, and a coloured silk handkerchief. Instead of his own hair, he wore a close black wig, made so as to cover his ears, and over his wig, a black straw hat.

From the time of his arrival at Pont-y-V— he had never spoken to any individual in the family, but to give an order, or to settle his account, which he did every night, as he intimated that he might probably quit the house some morning at an inconveniently early hour: and though the landlady would willingly have had an opportunity of making up a week's bill, she did not think proper to oppose the plan of her guest.

This gentleman then entered the kit-

chen, where, on one side lay the sergeant bleeding and swearing, and on the other the wrecks of pans, pots, and cups, which Joan was admiring instead of helping her master. As to Mrs. Puffin, she was in high debate with the crockery man, and using all her eloquence to save her pence.

The stranger approached Mr. Puffin, and assisted him to rise: he placed him in the arm chair, and then in a quiet way desired Mrs. Puffin to dress her husband's head. Mrs. Puffin, with a curtsey, replied, that she dared to say Doctor Stirit would be there presently, and he deserved to wait for the trouble and expence he had caused.

The stranger gave her a look of rather an unpleasant nature, and was proceeding himself to cut off the hair, and apply a bandage, when Doctor Stirit made his appearance.

"Ah! by G— its lucky you are come, you odd fellow," cried the patient;

"or my head might have got well without you, and that would not have been fair play, for we should let our neighbours live. By G— I don't know whether that thundering ten-pounder there thinks so or not though!"

The Doctor seeing that he was expected to act professionally, assumed great gravity, and handling the sergeant's head, as if he had been rolling a cannon ball in his hands, he uttered a loud hem! and shook his own seat of learning.

"And what do you think of it?" asked Mrs. Puffin, who had been diverted from her former subject by the arrival of the Doctor.

"Very bad! very bad indeed!" replied Stirit.

"Bad!" uttered the sergeant, in a dolorous tone.

"Very bad!" said the Doctor.

The stranger who had eyed the Doctor with some contempt, asked what remedy he conceived would be proper in such a

case; and his contempt was changed into astonishment, when the man answered, "Amputation! amputation Sir! there is nothing else will do! I had just such another case not a month ago, I used nothing but amputation, and the patient is now as sound as I am."

The stranger seemed about to reply to this extraordinary assertion, when the entrance of two other people prevented him; he looked round as if he fancied every man an enemy, and quitted the house.

CHAP. III.

The Arrival of Mr. Thomas and Elisha Diggle.— Mr. Diggle's Opinion of the Doctor's Remedy.— The fatal Consequences of that Opinion.— A Battle, in which Mrs. Puffin signalizes her Valour, and her Husband his Prudence.— The singular Effects of Thunder.— Care of the Wounded.— Matrimonial Kindness.— Mr. Diggle prepares to make a Speech.

THE persons, whose arrival caused the gentleman to quit the kitchen so abruptly, heard what the Doctor said; and one of them, whose name was Elisha Diggle, answered, " Sound! — yes, barbarian! sound as death can make him!"

" I tell you," roared the surgeon, " he is sound as a pipkin; as sound-headed as you are!"

" It is impossible," said Mr. Diggle, " Time was, that when the head was off,

the man would speak; but now that nothing but infidelity prevails, it cannot be! — No! you killed him!"

This assertion was more than the Doctor, who had Welsh blood in him by the mother's side, could bear: he ceased to handle the head of the illustrious Puffin, and, flying upon Mr. Diggle, he seized his nose, which was of an uncommon length, and wrung it heartily, even until it wept tears of blood. A furious combat ensued, of which Mr. Diggle had certainly the least advantageous part, though he was a much taller, larger man, than his adversary: and, finding himself over-matched, he snatched up some of the broken pots and threw them at the Doctor, and with so good an effect, that he succeeded in drawing blood from him. And now most earnestly do we wish for the pen of Homer, so famous for his battles, or of Cervantes, no less famous for his unequalled fights, that we might, with proper effect, detail the general engage-

ment that ensued. But, as we have no pen but our own, made from the quill of the sagacious goose, we must do as well as we can, and beg our readers to be content.

This *argillacieous* attack, then, (as Mr. Diggle afterwards called it,) seemed to rouse every individual to take part in the combat; and the missiles flew in every direction.

The companion of Mr. Diggle, whose name was Thomas, arranged himself on the side of his friend, and, taking the remains of a sugar bason which lay nearest to him, he aimed it directly at the eyes of Doctor Stirit, but without accomplishing the mischief he designed. It passed the Doctor, and saluted the cheek of Mrs. Puffin, who was close by him. Mrs. Puffin had been used to battles; and if she had not actually engaged in them, she had witnessed them. All her former martial ideas returned, and, panting for glory and revenge, she threw back

the bason at Thomas, and followed up the advantage she had gained, by wounding the lip of her opponent by sundry other argile shots. Joan seconded her mistress; and the poor potman supported Thomas, determined to have revenge if he could get nothing else.

As to the sergeant, he sat like the picture of Raw-head and Bloody-bones, with stripes of sanguine hue on his face and garment; and finding that he was not likely to get assistance, and that the shot might reach him, he took some linen he found in a paper in the chair he was sitting on, and put it to his wound: he fastened it, by tying his pocket handkerchief over it, and under his chin, and then drawing the cushion from beneath him, he held it as a shield before his face, and contrived to peep at the combatants from behind it, cheering them by various encouraging exclamations, and giving the word of command with no small glee.

It was not long, however, before a re-

trograde movement of his wife brought the battle nearer to him than was quite agreeable, and he ran some risk of having her driven upon him: to prevent this, he threw himself back in his chair, and, with the cushion, as before, for a safeguard, he, in his turn, made an attack, by raising his two wooden legs, and wheeling them about with wonderful rapidity, to the great annoyance of all who came within leg-reach of him.

This state of things, however, did not last; for the combat was too severe to be of long continuance; and when it was at its height, a tremendous clap of thunder seemed to shake the house to its foundations. Its effect in the kitchen at Pont-y-V— was remarkable and instantaneous! The combat ceased on all sides as if by general consent; the sergeant gave over describing segments of circles, but did not uncover his head! The Doctor relinquished the hold that he had on the nose or throat (we forget which) of Mr.

Diggle: Thomas, who was about to cast a vessel of no small size on Mrs. Puffin, let it fall on his own toes: and Joan, and the pot-merchant, who were each in the act of throwing, stood with their arms raised, yet powerless, as if the thunder had petrified them.

But this chapter having been very laborious, we beg to defer what we have further to say till to-morrow.

The thunder having caused the furious engagement at Pont-y-V— to cease, as we have said, those who had been concerned in it turned their attention to the state of the wounded on all sides; and even Mr. Diggle submitted to have his nose dressed by his former foe, Dr. Stirit. Harmony was in a great measure restored; and the poor merchant of crockery, who, though free from bodily injury, was, in fact, the greatest sufferer of the party, appealed to the whole company, and laid his case before them, alleging that he was but a servant employed

to dispose of the goods in question, and that he must be accountable for all he did not return to his master.

In reply to this plea, Captain Cheese-toaster rejoined, that the catastrophe was but the fate of war; a mere unavoidable accident; and that he was not by law accountable for what had happened. He said, that if the man had broken his pots, he himself had had his head broken, and that he would go to the devil sooner than pay one farthing. But as to Mrs. Puffin, he added, it was quite another thing!—she deserved to pay for having disturbed him to send him on her fool's errands; and whatever the man could extract from her store was fair spoil.

This ill-timed hit at his wife drew upon that good lady the whole force of the potman's expostulations, and, as before, every one arranged himself on one side or other. The battle would probably have been renewed with redoubled fury; and Heaven only knows what fatal conse-

quences might have ensued, if Mr. Diggle had not undertaken to reconcile all differences by making a speech.

In order to shew his powers of oratory to the best advantage, he mounted upon the oak chest we formerly mentioned; but, as he was a very tall man, he found his situation somewhat uncomfortable; for the cieling was low, and, on his very first attempt to stand upright, he knocked his head with such force against the top of the room, that the sergeant started at the hollow sound it produced.

With somewhat of a watery appearance, then, in his eyes, he descended; and turning the pot-merchant's basket bottom upwards, he stepped upon it, and began his harangue, as in the following chapter.

CHAP. IV.

An Oration, and the Sergeant's Wit. — Mrs. Puffin's Generosity, and the Consequences of Interference. — Diggle's new Disaster. — The Return of the Stranger. — Preliminaries of Peace and Ratification. — Some Account of Mr. Diggle, and his own Account of his own Works. – The Effects of his Enthusiasm.

Mr. Diggle being, as we said, mounted on the basket, in the true oratorical style, raised his right arm, and exclaimed,

"Potsherds! Potsherds!"

A pause ensued; and not a potsherd condescending to answer, his auditors, with mute and profound attention, stretched out their necks, and almost cracked their eye-strings, in expectation of what would come next.

Mr. Diggle then took out his pocket handkerchief, and, having, with much

care, wiped the nose that had been so great a sufferer, he began again.

"Potsherds!"—and another pause ensued, which was interrupted by the sergeant who exclaimed,

"Aye, by G—! botchers enough!"

This sally of wit produced a laugh from the company, all but the orator, upon whom it had a most happy effect; for, as it roused his ire, it furnished him with a subject, and turning to the sergeant, he addressed him thus:

"O thou compound of material and immaterial, true Potsherd! whose intuitive perceptions are as the glare of a phantom by night! Is it for thee, who art an *ineffigiatus*, a *deformitas*, to cast the slime of thy waters upon me? Learn, learn to see whence the rays of light proceed, and do not, thou profane and impotent! act with irreverence towards the sealed."

"Sir!" cried the pot-man, "they are

all sealed at the factory; master never send none without."

"Ah! sealed didst thou say?" replied Diggle; "then, indeed, they must not suffer! The sealed of the Lord are the true sons, and we will award thee what is thy due. Lift, raise thy remains, and we will decide, will adjudge thee what is thy *pretium*, thy *rata portio*."

As the landlady understood just enough of this to know that the orator was inclined to give the man his *due*,—a thing she by no means liked,—she thought it better to make a compromise, and, taking a one pound note from her pocket, she said she would give the gentleman no further trouble; that the pots were not worth so much as twenty shillings; but that, to get rid of the litter and the noise, the man might take *that*, and carry away the broken pieces.

The merchant seemed to hesitate, and would probably have taken the money, but Diggle, who delighted in settling

other people's affairs, prevented him, and said the things ought to be valued separately, and not by wholesale.

Mr. Thomas, seconding his friend, undertook to be arbiter with regard to the reasonableness of the man's demands; but to this Mrs. Puffin objected, unless Dr. Stirit, who was more learned in the price of crockery than in the healing art, was joined in the commission. After much clamour this was agreed to, and they had already proceeded to the amount of two pounds five shillings and twopence, when a furious quarrel arose between Diggle and the Doctor about the price of a chamber requisite. Mrs. Puffin, at last, lost her patience,—for during this time not a single pint of liquor was called for, —and, snatching up a broken jug, she threw it at the orator, and hit him on the nose. At that same moment he was stamping with great fury, and broke through the bottom of the basket on which he stood, with his right foot. He

consequently fell to the ground; and the pot-merchant seized him by the collar, and demanded pay for his basket; which, as if animated with the same spirit, obstinately hung to the foot that had pierced it.

Things were in this position when the stranger in the black wig returned, completely wet through with the heavy rain that had fallen; and, as he passed the field of battle where Diggle was quaking under the hands of the pot-man, he hardly cast his eye on one side, but ordered Joan to make a fire in his room instantly.

The girl went to obey him, and while she was in his apartment, the party below came to an accommodation; for Mrs. Puffin perceived it was not her interest to promote fighting instead of drinking. She paid two pounds; and Mr. Diggle, who was really in good circumstances, gave ten shillings for the share he had had in the amusements of the day. As

to the Sergeant, he said, now his wife had paid the damage, he did not care if he clubbed his share to the poor man's loss, and he generously gave him a dollar.

Things being thus arranged, and the preliminaries of peace signed, the whole party agreed to ratify them over a bottle in the best room, and Mrs. Puffin herself waited upon the gentlemen, and sent a boy who ran errands for her, to the Doctor's for some pipes. The Sergeant had his face washed, and contrived to march to the seat left for him in the best room, and a few glasses of Mrs. Puffin's liquor put the whole company in good humour with each other.

As Doctor Stirit and Mr. Thomas were townsmen, and in the habit of meeting every day at the Cheese-toaster, Mr. Sergeant Puffin did not feel his curiosity at all interested about them, knowing, or fancying that he knew, every thing that could be told about them. But this was

not the case with respect to Mr. Diggle, who was one of those numerous travellers that every summer migrate from their homes, to visit the more romantic parts of their native isle.

As the town of Pont-y-V— was situated in the vicinity of some of the most beautiful and remarkable views and curiosities of Wales, the landlady, during the summer and autumnal months, was in the habit of receiving many way-faring men; and, as the roads were very bad, almost impracticable for carriages, and not very good for horses, unless those bred in the country, she had learnt to welcome a traveller with some respect and civility, though he came on foot, and without a servant.

Mr. Sergeant then expressed his wish to know who his guest was, by drinking to His Honor's health, though he had not the honor to know who His Honor was.

In reply, Mr. Diggle, whose whole

pleasure was in asking or relating, said, that probably his face might be unknown to him, but, that he believed, as soon as he heard his name, he would recollect who he was. "My friend Mr. Thomas, here," continued he, "can tell you, that it is one of the most illustrious of the present day, and I doubt not will descend to posterity with those of Homer, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, to say nothing of Theocritus the Sicilian shepherd, or the numerous class of moderns who have in vain endeavoured to reach the height to which those immortal sons of another age attained."

The landlord said, he did not recollect any of them gentlemen having a command in the last war, but they had fine sounding names enough, except the last, who was of no great family he believed, he did not know an officer called Shepherd.

Mr. Thomas here replied, that his friend did not talk of commanders; if he

had, he might have spoke of Llewellyn, or Henry the Fifth, but that the landlord would soon hear an explanation. "My friend," continued he, "is the illustrious Elisha Diggle Esq. who deserves, if ever man deserved, the office of Poet Laureat. He has written heaps on heaps! books on books! and is now publishing a work to which all Merlin's will be nothing at all." "Yes!" said Mr. Diggle, "I have just launched upon the ocean of a tempestuous and ungrateful world, a little skiff charged with the exuberations of a talent, that without vanity, and before friends, I may say, has never had its equal! It is but nine hundred lines of the thirtieth canto of my tenth book. I intend that the whole work shall consist of twenty-four books, of fifty cantos each, and each canto of not less than two thousand verses. My work will embrace the vast circle of nature, with all that the eye of man hath seen or ear heard, or that it hath

entered into the heart of man to conceive. Soar up to heaven? there you shall find me counting the stars and explaining their aspects! prognosticating, with unerring assurance, the events that shall preponderate and weigh down ages yet unborn, and piercing through the veil of futurity with matchless accuracy and perspicacity. Go down to hell? there also shall you find me, and tremble while I tear your soul with the torments of the Tartarian damned." As Diggle pronounced these words, he raised his arm, and wheeled it horizontally in so unfortunate a manner, and at so unlucky a moment, that his fist came in contact with the head of the little boy who was entering the room with the fresh supply of pipes, and levelled him and his cargo to the ground. The Sergeant had shoved his chair by degrees, farther and farther from Diggle as he proceeded in his speech, for he felt assured that he was mad, and heartily wished him out of the house; and in this

opinion the doctor concurred with him; while his friend Mr. Thomas lifted up his eyes, and cried from time to time, "A prophet! yea a prophet!"

CHAP. V.

Which contains an interesting Conversation between the Company at the Cheese-toaster, during which some Account is given of the Marquis of Hardenbrass, and the Family of Rhanvellyn.—The Doctor is summoned.

THE new disaster that befel the pipes almost drove the Sergeant to despair, for his soul was a-thirst for smoke, and it likewise contributed, in some degree, to calm Mr. Diggle: the boy had a glass of wine given him, and was sent back for more, and the Doctor asked the landlord, by way of changing the conversation, and for other private reasons, who the black-looking man was, that was up-stairs.

"By the sword of St. George!" replied the Sergeant, "You know as much as I do; He has been here this fortnight or thereabouts, and I fancy he comes to make pictures or something,

for one of my neighbours found him sitting in front of the Great Fall at the castle, and he goes out to see something every day."

"Very odd!" said the Doctor.

"Not at all, Sir!" interrupted Mr. Diggle. "Perhaps instead of a painter. the gentleman is a poet! and in that case he pursues the right method to get ideas. The Great Fall! God of my Art! Divine Apollo! a great fall of water is a subject to flow in pellucid drops through ten thousand lines! that is the way to furnish the mind with ideas, Sir, and I make a point of describing nothing myself but what I have actually seen."

"Then. Sir!" asked the sergeant, "I fancy Your Honour has been damned once already?"

This question made the Doctor grin, and Diggle, who was a little out of countenance, instead of answering, asked what the strange gentleman's name was.

"That's what I can't tell Your Honor," replied mine host, "he never gave the word yet."

"Very odd!" cried Doctor Stirit, "that a man should be a fortnight in a house, and not have told his name! I greatly suspect he is a dangerous man!"

"As how?" asked the landlord.

"As how?" replied the doctor, "why don't you say he goes prying and peeping at the Castle? And do you think the Marquis, who has ordered that nobody! no not the King himself, should put his nose there, would be pleased?"

"As to that," said Mr. Thomas, "it is nothing to the matter! Every stranger that goes through the country, visits the wonderful Falls, and things not to be found out of Wales I believe, and if Mr. Rhanvellyn, the good old master, don't find the visitors in fault, I don't see what the Marquis has to do with it."

"You don't," cried the Doctor. "May be you don't! and yet the Marquis may let people know he has too."

Mr. Diggle's curiosity being awakened he begged to know how the Marquis had any command in a place where he had always understood from his friend Mr. Thomas, that the whole property for many miles round belonged to a Mr. Rhanvellyn; and the Doctor replied as follows:

"The Marquis Sir," said the Doctor, "I beg pardon Sir," interrupted Mr. Diggle, "but what Marquis? what is his title?"

"What don't you know that?" said the Doctor rather scornfully, "why *the* Marquis, the Marquis of Hardenbrass! one of these days, when his old father dies, he will be a Duke. The old Duke of Trimingham holds out well, considering he is above eighty, and blind and deaf. But the Doctors keep him alive! I would not be conceited! but I may say *I* keep him alive! I visit him every day, just to see that his attendants treat him properly and that he does no mischief."

"I thought Doctor," said the Sergeant, "that *that* Doctor that comes down once in two months was the chief in command? the general?"

"He!" said Stirit, "he! why he only comes for form's sake, and I was brought here on purpose to be the overseer. I go every day, as I told you, sometimes oftener, just as the case requires, and wonderfully well the Duke is, considering his disorder."

"What is his disorder?" asked Diggle eagerly. "Madness, Sir! madness!" answered Dr. Stirit, "why where have you lived not to know that he is as mad as a mad dog. I thought every body knew the pranks he played some forty years ago, when the Marquis was but about sixteen. He took such whims into his head, and set his tenants in different places after such jobs, that many of them died, and, as I have heard, there was one fine estate, that his father or grandfather, or somebody had got by good luck;

and though he knew his title to it might be questioned, he racked his tenants up, till one or two of them, sharper than the rest, set about seeking the man whose right it was. And what do you think they did? Why the right owner was poor, for his family had been ruined, and the tenants all agreed and made a purse, and so, when the thing came to be tried, the lawyers the Duke had on his side, let themselves be quite out-talked by a new sharp fellow the right heir had employed; who having the right cause in hand, fairly won all, and the Duke was forced to give up possession."

"Aye," said Diggle, "I remember that story now you mention it, but I thought the old Duke had been dead long since. Where is he now?"

"Where? here at Rhanvellyn Castle, to be sure!" answered Stirit, "and that is the reason the Marquis has forbid any body to go into the grounds! it is for fear of disturbing the Duke."

" How can a man who can neither hear nor see be disturbed by visitors?" said Thomas.

" How ?" replied Stirit, " why when he goes out they might meet him."

" That might disturb *them*, if all they say of his white beard, and his hallooing and his noises be true," said Thomas, " but I don't see how it should trouble *him*."

" May be not !" rejoined Stirit angrily, " but the Marquis does not choose it, and that's enough, and if I catch Mr. Blackwig there upon the premises, he'll remember it, that's all."

" I can understand that," said Diggle, " the unwillingness to admit strangers is a poetic feeling, and the Marquis, as I have heard, is a man of delicate sensations! But now I do not comprehend why he should choose to confine his father on the estate of another."

" Sir, it is not the estate of another, it is his, and if you'll promise me not to blab, I'll tell you all I know," cried Stirit.

"Ah!" said the Sergeant, "you mean all you choose we should know! Ah! Doctor, Doctor! you're a sly one."

The Doctor took no notice of this, but proceeded. "Mr. Rhanvellyn, Sir, as every body knows, is a very good old gentleman, and had but one fault in the world, and that was a love of gaming. I remember when I lived in the—Lord bless me! what was I going to say! I had forgot myself. Well, the Marquis does every thing well, as I've heard say, and he likes play too! and there was his cousin, the famous man at Newmarket, and the Duke of Trunch, and Squire Rhanvellyn, they played once for three days and nights, as I've heard, and at last, Squire Rhanvellyn got up with the loss of a hundred and eighty thousand pounds. Well, before that he was so poor, and so much in debt, that it was thought he must sell Rhanvellyn, which grieved him, as he had bought the land round the old place where the Castle

once stood every way, and built that grand Castle, so the Marquis offered to do him a favor, and to take the estate of Rhanvellyn to nurse for him! ha! ha! ha! The Marquis, moreover, lent him some money, on condition of his making a will to leave the Castle to him for a certain number of years; but this Mr. Rhanvellyn would not, as he said, if he gave it up for his own life it was enough. At last, however, it was settled by the Duke of Trunch for both parties, and to give Mr. Rhanvellyn all the advantage they could, it was agreed that he should give a bond to let the Marquis have all as long as the old Duke lived, and Mr. Rhanvellyn, they say, made a will, and bound himself on the honor of a gentleman, not to make another, by which, he left Rhanvellyn Castle and the whole property to the Marquis for the life of the Duke of Trimingham."

"And who gets it after?" asked Digby, "is there no heir?"

"No!" said Stirit, "if Mr. Rhanvellyn had died without a will, they say, some distant relation he never saw, would have had the whole, and cut out his daughter! she will have all, when the Duke of Trimingham dies, her father left it to her."

"I wonder where the good family is now," said Mr. Puffin. "I know they went to live beyond sea, just at the time I took possession of the ground here."

"No," said Stirit, "you are mistaken! Miss Rhanvellyn was abroad a long time before, and they say, her father went to her. It's now about two years and a half since—"

The Doctor was proceeding in his discourse, when Mrs. Puffin informed him, that he was sent for. He took his hat and sallied forth, and we will do the same, having concluded our chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Some Account of Dr. Stirit and his Popularity in Pont-y-V—.—The Advantages and Disadvantages of sleeping in an ill-finished Apartment.—Mr. Haverill indisposed.—Joan's Kindness.—Mr. Haverill sets out to Rhanvellyn.

THE curiosity of Mr. Diggle being insatiable, he no sooner saw the door fairly closed on Doctor Stirit, than he made particular inquiries respecting him, and heard a part of what we are about to relate to our Readers.

Doctor Stirit was a person who some years before had kept, what is called a *general* shop in the town of B—— ; but either through mismanagement, misfortune, or roguery, he failed, was made a bankrupt, and quitted his neighbourhood to begin the world again, in a new line. He served in one or two families in various

stations, and at last, became butler to the Duke of Trunch. Being detected in some mal-practices, he was on the eve of ruin, when the Marquis of Hardenbrass having occasion for a person with some ability, and no conscience, took him into his service, and employed him in various capacities. When he brought his father, the Duke of Trimingham, to Rhanvellyn, he established Stirit in an apothecary's shop at Pont-y-V—, fixing upon him a comfortable income, and giving him the supreme command in his absence; ordering that no stranger should be permitted to enter the grounds of Rhanvellyn; and chusing to leave Stirit at Pont-y-V—, rather than in the Castle, as travellers who visited that place, usually halted at the Cheese-toaster. It had so happened, that the stranger in the black wig had escaped the notice of Stirit, though he regularly visited the house, and the landlord and landlady knew their own interest too well to inform him of his ar-

rival, being aware, that by causing the Castle grounds to be shut, and even once or twice by insulting visitors who demanded admittance, he had done them some injury.

He settled at Pont-y-V—, about a month before the Duke was brought down, and had never quitted his post till eleven months before the time we are speaking of; then, he was sent for express to London, and after being three weeks absent, he returned and resumed his functions.

The inhabitants of the town all detested him, and if he had had nothing but his business to depend upon, he would have starved. Among the rest, Mr. Thomas, a respectable tradesman, who had saved a little independence, exceedingly disliked both him and the Marquis: he, in common with the rest of the neighbourhood, considered the Marquis as a sort of gambler, and though Miss Rhanvellyn had not been at all

known there, she was universally pitied, and her state of undeserved poverty, was often a topic of conversation at the tea-tables of Pont-y-V—.

The night proving extremely rainy, Mr. Thomas and his friend the poet remained tolerably late. As soon as they were gone, the stranger, whom we beg to introduce to our readers by his real name, Arthur Haverill, rung his bell, and ordered his bill, including his bed for that evening. This he discharged, then putting a pound note in the hand of Joan, who thanked him in Welsh, her joy having made her forget her English, he wished her good night, and locked his door.

Mr. Haverill's room was situated immediately over that called the best room below stairs, and from the circumstance of that not being underdrawn, he had heard the whole conversation that passed. As he was concerned to become the subject of discussion, and to be obnoxious to the great Doctor Stirit, whose history he had

heard as well as the rest of the discourse, he determined, if the morning was tolerably fine, to quit his inn, and to go to some other spot, he hardly knew or cared where.

Having then settled his affairs as we have said, he walked some time about his room in deep thought, and at last prepared to undress himself, but was obliged to desist from a sudden spasm in his stomach or chest.

On searching his dressing-case, he discovered that he had none of the medicine which he was in the habit of taking on these attacks; and rainy and bad as the night was, he was under the necessity of ringing his bell, and requesting Joan to carry his recipe to an apothecary to be made up immediately.

Joan, who pitied his beautiful face, as she told her mistress, did not hesitate a moment. She took the paper after Mr. Haverill had erased the physician's initials, and went with it to Dr. Stirit. The

answer Dr. Stirit returned was, that he could not read Latin, and desired the gentleman would write it in English.

This Mr. Haverill did not choose to do. He sent Joan back to ask for a small quantity of opium, or if he had none, a little laudanum. Joan brought word the second time, that he had neither in his shop; he had salts, and senna, and rhubarb, but no opium. Mr. Haverill then took a little brandy, which relieved him, and dismissed his attendant, but not till she had informed him, that it was one of the Marquis's people that had wanted the Doctor; and that the Marquis was coming the next day to see the poor mad old Duke. Having thus detailed all she knew, she left Mr. Haverill, who went to bed; and having fortunately no return of his pain, he slept till about six the following morning.

When Mr. Haverill awoke, he opened his window, which looked towards the woods of Rhanvellyn, and perceiving that

the light increased, and that the day, when it came, would probably be fine, he dressed himself, packed up his little portmanteau, which he slung by a belt across his shoulders; and taking a mouthful of biscuit and a small glass of brandy, he left his room, and finding Joan already stirring, he quitted the house by a back way, and began to ascend the steep and dirty road that led to Rhanvellyn.

Nothing can well be conceived more barren and dreary than the road from Pont-y-V— towards Rhanvellyn, and the gloominess of the morning contributed to render it, if possible, more than ever uninteresting. Mr. Haverill proceeded slowly along, sometimes turning to look at the little town of Pont-y-V—, which lay hardly visible in the valley, while the summits of the opposite mountains were already tinged with the earliest rays of the rising sun. Sometimes he stopped to watch the few sheep that were scattered over the hill that he was ascending, and sometimes

to curse his fortune, and reflect on woes that had already nearly cost him his life.

Having however ascended to a considerable distance, he came to a part of the road that was cut in the rock, and by a sudden turn he was gratified with a view of the sun rising in full majesty from behind the wooded mountains of Rhanvellyn. The road having become familiar to him, he passed it without those sensations of fear, and the sickness and giddiness he had experienced the first time he travelled over it. It was, as we said before, cut in the solid rock, which rose almost perpendicularly on one side, while on the other, there was a precipice of the depth of five or six hundred feet, at the bottom of which rolled and foamed the rapid R—, that rises at no great distance from this place, in the mountains of Plinlimmon. Sometimes the river, dashing over rocks, formed beautiful cascades, and sent its white foam to heaven; and sometimes it flowed calmly along till it met with a

fresh obstacle. Over one of these roaring cascades, he crossed a bridge thrown from mountain to mountain, and could not help wondering how it was possible to get horses to pass it with safety.

As the turns in the road were very abrupt, he could sometimes have fancied that he was shut out from the world, in a pathless desert; and sometimes he almost wished it was so. At last he came in sight of the Castle, situated on a beautiful lawn, with a fine river flowing before it, and mountains piled on mountains, wooded to their very summits, in the form of an amphitheatre beyond that.

CHAP. VII.

A Peep at the Castle, with a few Hints respecting its present Possessor.

In the course of the fortnight, during which he had been resident at Pont-y-V—, Mr. Haverill had more than once visited the grounds of Rhanvellyn, and had seen most of the remarkable prospects, and beautiful peculiarities of the place. He congratulated himself on beginning once more to feel an interest in surrounding objects, and ceasing to be solely occupied by the waste within; and piqued perhaps by the idea of being forbidden to see the house, which he knew, if he met Dr. Stirit, would probably be the case; he now, for the first time, felt a desire to enter its walls.

In pursuance of this wish, and having besides some desire to procure a breakfast,

he walked up to the door of the hall, and surveyed the front.

Every window was closed, as if no living creature inhabited the edifice, (which though called a Castle, was in fact a modern-built mansion, without any thing castellated about it,) so he walked through the colonnade, which led him round to the back part of the North wing.

Here was a door with a bell, windows that were opened, and chimnies that smoked. He rung the bell, and waited some time without receiving any answer to his summons. He rung again, and a man who appeared to be a foreigner looked out of a window on the first floor, and asked what he wanted, in French.

Mr. Haverill replied in the same language, that he was a traveller attracted by the beauty of the place, and that he should be glad to purchase a breakfast, and to be allowed to see the Castle.

The man was by this time joined by another, who surveyed the traveller very

earnestly, and then said to his companion in German, that the Doctor would never know it, and they might as well get a crown as not; to which the man assented.

Mr. Haverill understood German perfectly, but as they did not address him in that language, he took no notice of what they were saying, and the last comer descending, opened the door, and admitted him to a sort of servant's hall, where was a very excellent breakfast of cold meat, ale, and brandy.

The first speaker asked him in French, what he would choose, and having taken what was agreeable to him, listening while he did so, to the consultation of the men about how they should open the doors, and which would be the best way to lead him; he laid half a crown on the table, and begged they would shew him the house, as he had a long way to go, and was in haste.

One of the men, who it appeared did

not speak French, bid his comrade conduct him through the state rooms, and excuse his going up stairs; for," said he, "we may suffer, if we take him up stairs; he may remark that all is not right."

Our hero asked himself mentally, how he should be supposed to know when all was not right, and began to suspect that his entertainers had murdered their charge: this idea, however, appeared too absurd to be entertained a moment, as there could be no motive to murder the Duke, but the contrary, their places probably depending upon his life.

The man took some keys from a drawer, vowing that he could not read the labels; and desiring Mr. Haverill to follow him, he opened the door of a passage that led to the hall in the centre of the house.

This hall was of very large dimensions, and an oval form, the floor a beautiful

mosaic, chiefly composed of Anglesea marble. On one side stood a fine antique statue, a Bacchus seven feet high, and opposite to it a bronze Vestal on a stove with a lamp in her hand, and clothed in gilded and highly burnished drapery.

Mr. Haverill would have remained long here, but his conductor hastened him, and having only time to admire the beautiful paintings round the cornice of the hall, which were done by an eminent artist, he followed the man into an elegant drawing-room, furnished with silk draperies, and a chimney-piece, which was a fine piece of sculpture from Italy, of white statuary marble on a yellow and black ground.

The dining-room, from the window of which was a most enchanting view, was in the same elegant style, and the whole house was filled with statues, busts, and pictures, which would have

occupied even a casual observer, some time.

"We must not stay long, Sir," said the man, "for you will like to see the libraries and the conservatory." Mr. Haverill assented, and had already visited two libraries exquisitely furnished, and was preparing to see the third which opened by folding doors into a conservatory of great length, when a violent ring at the bell made his guide start as if he had seen a ghost.

"*Miscricorde!*" cried he, "it is that devil the Doctor."

"Well," said Haverill, "leave me here, give me the keys of these doors that are yet unopened, and go, if you are wanted."

The man did as he was desired, and returning hastily by the way he had come, he left our hero to examine the keys and open the doors himself.

We have been taught to consider a

well furnished house a very comfortable thing, but as filling our chapters with a list of furniture, could only reduce them to the rank of an auctioneer's catalogue, we forbear to enumerate the splendid silks, and velvets, and moroccos, and pier-glasses, &c. that Mr. Haverill saw at Rhanvellyn. He could not help reflecting, as he surveyed the scene before him, on the madness of a man, who possessing such things, could risk them on the cast of a die, or the turning up of a card! and he concluded his reflections with a curse on the Marquis, who was death and destruction to those who most confided in him.

"But a day will come," said he, "yes, a day of vengeance; and his present security will but render it the more terrible."

As Haverill uttered these words he caught a glimpse of his own figure in a superb mirror opposite to him. "Is it possible," cried he, "can that meagre,

haggard, aged figure, be the form of Arthur Haverill? I might appear before my nearest friend, and he could not know me."

No noise, no symptom of inhabitants had reached Haverill in the apartments he had traversed, and as he found, by his watch, that it was past noon, and he wished to have a peep at the rooms on the first floor, he examined his keys, and was proceeding to the stair-case, when he heard a person descending. Not knowing who this might be, and being afraid of occasioning any injury to the men who had admitted him, he placed himself behind a large bronze statue in the room he was in, and waited to observe who approached.

In about five minutes he saw the Doctor accompanied by his own guide, who looked round in agony lest the stranger should be seen. They passed without speaking, and went through the octagon library into a small apartment, the door

of which was so well concealed, that Haverill had not perceived it. He stood still in his hiding-place, from whence he had a view of the whole range of apartments in that direction.

After about a quarter of an hour, which appeared at least four times its own length, they returned, and Stirit, in wretched French, bid the man open all the doors and windows to air the house. The man said he would, and asked when the family would come. To which Stirit answered "all the servants will be here to-night, and the Marquis to-morrow, he always travels as fast as if the devil drove him. I shall return in an hour and a half, or two hours, to take charge of the northern wing."

They then disappeared, and our hero descended from his pedestal. In about five minutes the German returned, and prevented him from exploring the hidden door. He seemed satisfied with finding him in the conservatory, and telling him

that the family was expected, he conducted him to the entrance, and having received his fee, wished him a pleasant journey.

CHAP. VIII.

Mr. Haverill visits old Servants.—He returns towards Pont-y-V—.—A Cavalcade, and the amusing Adventure of the Doctor and the Pedlar.

"There is something mysterious here! something I don't understand," said Haverill, as he went on his way towards a little cottage, at the extremity of what he had learned, was originally intended for Miss Rhanvellyn's flower garden, and with the inhabitants of which he had formed an acquaintance, having breakfasted with them more than once.

The man and his wife were Welch, the woman spoke tolerable English, but the man was hardly intelligible.

Haverill entered their cottage as usual, and unstrapping his portmanteau, he requested a glass of whey, if they had any.

"It grows warm now," said he, "and I am tired."

"The more's the pity for Hur Honor," replied the wife, "for hur looks sad ill."

"I'm only tired," said Haverill. "Well, how are the flowers, as fine as ever?"

"Pure gay, Your Honor, and not a weed to be seen," said the old woman. "But dear, we toil and grub, and the lady don't come. I fear she never will, Saint David bless her!"

"Did you ever see her?" asked Haverill.

"See her? to be sure, Your Honor, I see her when she was as little as a kid, and as pretty too, a darling. But now queer men live in the Castle," said the woman.

"Who are they?" asked Haverill.

"That's more than I can tell Your Honor, but I do believe they keep a mad Duke there, for there is a sad roaring and tearing, and nobody's been in the Castle since the Squire left it.

"Did he live much here?" said Haverill.

"Not since his wife died, Your Honor," answered the woman, "and then the fine things were not put in. Then the squire took the young lady away, and it was to heddicate, I think they said."

"How long is that since?" asked Haverill.

"Why, let me see, Your Honor, the young lady was just five year old when her mother, the good lady died, and that is nigh fifteen year ago. She was a sweet good lady, and while she lived, the squire, as I've heard, kept good company, but he went off sadly after; he built houses, as I've heard the old steward say, just like the mad Duke's son, who pulls down whole streets, they say, when the fit takes him, in his own villages; and he learnt too, to game of him, and the old steward said, he did, that the Marquis had ruined more young men than enough,

and old ones too. I wish he may never come here."

"I hear that he is expected to-morrow," said Haverill.

"St. David forbid, to-morrow?" cried the woman.

"I wonder where Mr. Rhanvellyn is now?" said our hero.

The old woman shook her head, and told him, "that it was a sad thing to say, but she had heard that he was not very much like the man he had once been, but St. David knew best, both that and where he was, better than she could be expected to know."

Haverill found upon inquiry, that the nearest town to Rhanvellyn was at the distance of at least twelve miles, and as his strength was not yet restored, he determined to dine with the old gardener and his wife, and then to return to his quarters at Pont-y-V—.

About half past four, then Mr. Haver-

ill left his old host and hostess, and set out on his return to Pont-y-V , where he supposed he might remain in peace and without any molestation from Doctor Stirit, whose determination to visit the Duke of Trimingham he had not forgotten, any more than the time that was to elapse before his return to the castle.

" I shall not meet him," said Haverill, " for it is now after the hour he mentioned. But why should I care, whether I meet him or not? He is too contemptible to engage my thoughts for a moment, and all this uncomfortable feeling is only the remains of my weakness! the nervous irritation consequent on such sufferings as mine. If it were the man, who has most injured me indeed! there would be some reason for all this! and I could with pleasure clasp him in my arms and plunge with him from yon rocking bridge into the gulph below! thus, having revenge and peace at once." Other thoughts, that proved revenge more occu-

pied his mind than any thing peaceable, made him almost insensible to the beauty of the scenery; but at last, the contrast between its present appearance, and that it had exhibited in the morning by degrees engaged his attention, and he halted and lingered more than once, to watch the R— dashing and sparkling among the rocks of blue slate.

He had almost reached the romantic bridge that united two mountains, and led to the narrow and dangerous road that was cut in the solid rock, when hearing a horse approaching, he stopped to give it room to pass. The man who rode it, was one of the Marquis's grooms; who, spite of his natural boldness, had trembled more than once, as he travelled from Pont-y-V— to Rhanvellyn. His horse, used to other roads and other objects, seemed inclined to take offence at every thing, and started when it saw Haveril.

"Curse you, Duke! do you mean to

kill me in this frightful country? softly, softly!—hush, hush!"—cried the man.

"You had better dismount," said Haverill, "a step further would plunge you into the river."

The groom took his advice, and having led his horse by our hero, he said, if he was going to that d—d place in the bottom there, he advised him, either to make great haste, or to wait, till a carriage, which brought some of the servants, was past: "If you meet them on that stone shelf there, friend, you will hardly escape being crushed between the wheels and the rock, and after your civility to me, I should be sorry for that," said the man.

As Haverill was in no haste, having no object, but rest, in view, on his return to the Cheese-toaster, he perferred remaining on what he considered the right side of the bridge, and having thanked the man for his information, and learnt from him, that he had orders to meet the

Marquis at Pont-y-V—, at four the next day; he scrambled up a part of the mountain, where a projecting point had left a sort of seat, and from whence he had a sublime view of the country, and completely commanded the bridge, and the first *reach*, as it might be called, of the road cut in the rock. The voices of those who approached were discernible long before their forms were visible, on account of the many abrupt turns in the way, and Haverill was pleased with their indistinct sounds, and the almost numberless echoes the mountains returned. It was an occupation, a something to do, to watch their gradual approach, and guess how near they were; and those of our readers, who either have either been very idle, or very unhappy, will know, that employment, however trifling or uninteresting, gives pleasure.

The first person who passed the point which rendered him visible to Haverill, was Doctor Stirit mounted on a Welsh

poney, and riding with no small consequence in the van of the company. He was followed by two men on horseback, and a handsome barouche which contained some of the household; in fact, no other than the French cook and an assistant, who had preceded the Marquis, to make preparations for him at Rhanvellyn, and had left sauces and particular directions for his entertainment, at every place, where he was to stop.

This important personage was cursing the country, the roads, the horses, and the drivers, in his native tongue, and even his master did not escape his notice, on this occasion; he wished most earnestly, that the Marquis might have his flesh shaken and bruised, till it was as tender as potted woodcock, and as black as pickled walnuts, for thinking of coming into a country, fit only for birds, beasts and madmen.

Dr. Stirit had reached one end of the bridge, and habit having rendered the

passage of it familiar to him, was about to cross it with much composure, when, he was suddenly stopped by a travelling pedlar with his shop on his back; who was in haste to reach Pont-y-V—, and thought there was room to pass the cavalcade.

Exceedingly indignant at the man for pressing forward, Doctor Stirit called to him, in an imperious tone, to go back and stop where there was more room, unless he meant to be kicked down the mountain. This sort of address by no means pleased the pedlar, who was a sturdy fellow, and he replied in the true Yorkshire dialect "Kicked? What mun by thou?" This Stirit did not understand, and to shew his contempt, he pushed his horse forward to the middle of the bridge, where the pedlar stood disputing the passage. But if Dr. Stirit did not care for the strong hardy features of the man, his poney did, for when he came to within about three feet of him, he made a re-

trograde movement, and Stirit, aware of his danger, if this sort of minuet continued, threw himself off his saddle, and having in his fright let the bridle slip from his hands, the poney dexterously passed the pedlar, and continued his journey, at a good round trot to Rhanvellyn.

The whole cavalcade, having halted during the parley on the bridge, the pedlar attempted to glide betwixt the carriage and the rock, but Stirit assaulted him, and almost drove him, by the suddenness of the attack, down the precipice. Haverill was on the point of descending to assist the man, when he saw him seize Stirit, and lift him from the ground, with as much ease as he would have raised a cat. He ran to the bridge with him, and holding him over the side, he told him, that he now saw what he could do, and if he did not give orders to his people to let him pass without molestation, he would, certainly, make an example of

him. He then, having placed him on his feet again, turned towards Pont-y-V—, and neither Englishman, Frenchman, nor Welshman, thought proper to throw any obstacle in his way.

CHAP. IX.

A Storm without and within. — Mr. Diggle's great Powers as a Mediator — his holy Fervours as a Joannite. — A Battle — and the happy Discovery it occasioned. — An Arrival.

The delay Mr. Haverill had suffered on account of the arrival of the cook and his party, made him late; and before he reached Pont-y-V—, he found, from the appearance of the atmosphere, that the evening would probably be as stormy as the preceding one had been. He was exceedingly fatigued; and, having enquired of Mrs. Puffin whether his apartment was disengaged, he ordered some tea in his own room, and when he had drunk it, went to bed. There he soon fell asleep; for, luckily for him, the best room was unoccupied, and he would

probably have enjoyed a good night's rest; but for a thunder-storm without, and a little fracas within, one of which (we never exactly ascertained which) awoke him from the most comfortable sleep he had enjoyed for some months. The situation of his room gave him the advantage of hearing all that passed; and the first sentence that struck his ear was from the mouth of Mrs. Puffin.

"You must then, you Velsh thief, you!—You must!—as I live, there has been nobody, gentle nor simple, in that there box, but you. Aren't I like to know, seeing I smuggled it over vrom *Wallansheens* myself? I sewed it inside my flannel petticoat, I did;—and I sold it all to some great ladies, I did!—all but that piece I cut off, seeing it was over-measure of the fourteen yards!—and that, vith the others I had trimmed me a cap and frill!—and now its gone!—and if you don't find it, you beast

you, I'll have you up before Justice Hell-borough, I will; and he'll sift you through and through, he will!"

To this, Joan replied, "that she knew nothing of her lace; that she was no thief, seeing she had as good blood in her veins as any English of them all; and that she was ready to go before Justice Hellborough, though every body knew what *his* judgments were worth, a Hell-Kite!"

"Tak care, lass," cried the pedlar, who was drinking his ale in the kitchen; "thou'd better nut play with edge-tools!"

"I play with no tools, not I," said Joan. "I meddle with nothing that is not my own; and you may search me when you will."

"Gi me another quart o' yal, first," said the pedlar, "for I want to finish my supper and go to bed."

Mrs. Puffin ordered Joan to wait upon

the gentleman, and give her the key of her box, which she refused, saying, that she might lose her finery as well as other folks. This reply would, doubtless, have produced another debate more violent than the first, had not the sergeant entered from his *sanctum sanctorum*, where he had been enjoying the luxury of unbuckling his legs, and sleeping after the fatigues of the morning, and, in a more peremptory manner than usual, commanded peace; vowing, that the clack of women's tongues was more than the first attack of fifty thousand men. Mrs. Puffin muttered, that she would either have her *Wallansheens* or her revenge on the thief; and would have been as loud as ever in five minutes, had not Mr. Thomas and Poet Diggle stepped in to shelter themselves from the rain.

A dispute of any kind was a treat to Mr. Diggle, who thought he had as great a talent for settling all debated points,

as for making verses, or foretelling events, in both which sciences he considered himself without a rival.

As soon, then, as Mrs. Puffin had furnished the gentlemen with what they wanted, and her husband had taken his place at their table, Mr Diggle desired to know what were the merits of the case; and Mrs. Puffin, at some length, complained of the loss she had sustained by the roguery of Joan, who was no better than a Welsh thief, of a piece of Valenciennes' lace, worth about twenty shillings. Joan, on her part, took Saint David to witness, that she had not seen the lace; and vowed, that she believed the devil was in the house, for now there was nothing but fighting and quarrelling in it.

"Young woman," said Diggle, "perhaps you are nearer the truth than you are aware of! That malevolent and ever-to-be-dreaded creator of mundane disturbances has, probably, taken on him-

self the human form to work thee woe. Happy art thou, if thou art of the sealed! Happy if thou believest in the Lord, and the sent of the Lord, the Holy Virgin, who shall conceive and bear a son! Happy, if thou hast made an offering to the holy Babe yet unborn, for then Satan shall not prevail against thee! — then shall the star of righteousness and noon-day splendour shed its flickering rays about thee; penetrate to thy most inward parts; make thee all light within; and, bursting from thee with a sound more terrible than the fall of the tower of Babel, astound, astonish thy opponent."

While the eloquent Diggle made this flaming speech, Joan eyed him with great complacency. She thought, and rightly too, that she had discovered a true disciple of the holy Johanna, whose name was much reverenced in that part of the country; and, when Diggle had done, she dropped him a low curtsey, saying,

that she was truly sealed, for she had paid a shilling to be done right.

Upon this, Diggle clasped her in his arms, in token of brotherly love, and likewise to gratify his own holy fervours, by a kiss of the blooming Joan, who, though not handsome, was young and buxom, and suited the Poet's taste. But though Joan, (or, as he chose to call her, Joanna,) suited the Poet's taste, he did not suit her's; and, listening to her natural dislike to be kissed by him, rather than the reverence his holy character inspired her with, she struggled against him, and as he sat on a crazy chair, threw him off his balance, so that he fell, and bore her down with him in so unlucky a direction, that his elbow struck the sergeant's head, then bending forwards to a glass of brandy and water which he was conveying to his mouth. The Sergeant dashed his hand on the table, where the glasses leapt up and started, as if afraid; and his wife making

a most ill-timed effort to save the wreck, contrived to overturn both table and guests, and received so severe a blow on the face from the two wooden legs of her lord, that she fairly cried out from agony.

The Pedlar good-humouredly came to their assistance, and was attacked for his pains by a terrier dog that Mr. Thomas had brought with him; and which, after barking as loud as he could, to fill up the chorus of horrid noises, seized the Pedlar by the heel, as he was helping Mr. Thomas to rise. With one blow of his fist, the Pedlar laid Vixen sprawling on the ground; and Mr. Thomas, though he was helped up by him, threatened to prosecute him for the murder of his favourite dog. The Pedlar, who was not a man to be insulted with impunity, collared Mr. Thomas, and shook him till his intestines rattled like peas in a pan; and, while Mrs. Puffin was raising her warrior, and arranging the bandage on his head, which

had not been removed since the battle of the day before, but had now slipped down, Joan was revenging herself for some liberties the Poet indulged himself in, by fastening her teeth upon his nose, where the marks of them remain to this day.

The repeated cries of "Murder!" induced Mr. Haverill to get out of bed; and he hastily dressed himself, and entered the room at the moment we have described.

His appearance restored their recollection to some of the people concerned, among whom was the landlady, who apologized for disturbing him. She was going to tell how all this happened, when she suddenly exclaimed:

"As sure as I'm alive, my husband has the lace on his head! Wherever did you get it Captain?"

"D—me, what does it signify? I know nothing about no lace!" replied Puffin.

"It's here, however," said his wife, at

the same time exhibiting the bloody remnant, which Puffin had taken from the chair he was placed in, at the first battle recorded in this true and authentic history. Joan was exulting in this proof of her innocence, and the Sergeant and his wife picking up the broken glasses, when an equipage drove to the door, and called their attention another way.

CHAP. X.

An Account of who arrived. — Various Conversations. — Mr. Haverill's strange Conduct. — He is supposed to be mad. — Mr. Diggle takes an Opportunity of distinguishing himself. — The Sergeant is willing to do him Honour.

The carriage that stopped at the Cheese-toaster was a neat chariot with a barouche seat, and a widow's lozenge on the pannel. An old lady about sixty, a young one who looked not more than eighteen, and a maid servant, got out of it, and entered the house. They were welcomed by Mrs. Puffin with many curtsies, and conducted into the best room, where they found our hero and the rest of the party, as described in the last chapter.

When they saw the state of the wounded, and the general aspect of affairs, they

shrunk back; and the younger one said, if they had no other room, her aunt would sit down at the kitchen-fire, and take a little mulled wine.

"Aye, aye, my dear, any where," said the aunt; "it would be a pity to disturb the harmony within."

"Lord preserve me, my lady! *you* sit down here where every body comes," cried the landlady; "I can't bide the thoughts of it, my lady. But Your Honour's Ladyship is very good to be sure, and there was a haxident in the best room."

"More than one, I think, ma'am," replied the old lady; "but I must beg to know whether we can be accommodated here to-night; for really, after being once overturned, I'm afraid to go further."

"Oh dear yes, my lady!" cried Mrs. Puffin, "we have wery good haccommodations, wery good indeed they be. Would your ladyship like to see them, may be?"

"My dear," said the aunt to her niece.

"will you be so good as to see the room up stairs, and direct Dunn to get my bed ready?"

The young lady assented, and followed Mrs. Puffin up stairs into an apartment over the kitchen, which, from the darkness and raininess of the evening, felt and looked less comfortable than usual. It contained two beds, which the young lady said would do very well, provided they were dry and clean. She then inspected the beds and blankets, and finding them very nice, she told Mrs. Puffin to have a pan of coals run through each bed, and that her maid would give her sheets from the carriage.

Mrs. Puffin then expressed her sorrow "for that" she had no room for the ladies to sup in, till the gentlemen moved out of the best, where the skirmish had been. The lady said they had been overturned, and the kitchen-fire, perhaps, would be better for her aunt, who had been exposed to the rain. "And, now,

let her have her mulled wine if you please, ma'am," continued she, "for I am afraid of her taking cold."

The young lady was about to step down the first stair, on her return to the kitchen, when she was stopped by our hero, who, being of no farther use below, was going to his room.

"Bless me, Sir, I beg pardon!" said she, stepping back to the great injury of the landlady, whose great toe suffered on the occasion.

Mr. Haverill mechanically stepped back too, to make her room to pass; but though they were neither of them very large, the staircase was too narrow to allow the lady to venture; and Haverill, who thought it was always most polite to render others as easy as possible, made an effort to advance, intending thus to leave her the passage open.

At the moment he advanced, she advanced too; and they met in so unlucky a way, that they involuntarily caught

hold of each other to avoid falling; and Haverill no sooner felt the young lady in his arms, than darting up the step, he threw her from him with violence, exclaiming, "Never, cursed woman!" and rushing into his room, locked the door.

The landlady uttered, "Christ save us!" but the young lady bid her be quiet. "You will alarm my aunt," said she, "and the man has not hurt me. Does he live here?"

"Oh dear no, Miss; he is but a traveller," said Mrs. Puffin; "and the civilest, most prettiest behaved gentleman was ever seed. I think the devil has been at work ever since yesterday; Lord preserve the Cheese-toaster!"

"The poor man is mad," said the young lady, as she descended.

"Mad! the Lord forbid!" cried Mrs. Puffin, "that would be ruin to the Cheese-toaster. I should vant to send he up to keep the mad old Duke company at Rhanvellyn Castle."

"Are we far from the Castle?" asked the lady.

"Oh! no, my lady, no great ways, but it is a road nobody but a gifted one could travel by night."

By this time the young lady had arrived in the kitchen, where Mrs. Dunn was waiting for orders, and the mulled wine being prepared with some dry toast, the ladies partook of it, and sent for their man to receive his directions for the following day.

"Have you put the carriage under cover, Broadhead?" asked the old lady.

"Yees, ma'am," replied the man, "it *is* under cover, but I am not quite satisfied with the place. I've done the best though, that it might lay comfortable!"

"Very well," replied his mistress, "that will do then; and to-morrow morning get a blacksmith to examine it, and make it safe."

"There are a good many curiosities in

this neighbourhood, I fancy ma'am, are there not?" asked the neice.

"Oh! yes my lady, it's quite the place for the best in all Vales," said Mrs. Puffin, "and we have such heaps of gentlevolks and curious men in the season, but it's now almost over for them."

"Not quite," said the old lady, in a low voice, to her neice, and eying Mr. Diggle, who was passing through to make his retreat.

The landlady went on.—

"We had the Painter here ma'am, my Lady I mean, I beg your Ladyship's pardon."

"You have it," said the old Lady.

"The great Painter that they say has made a gold mine in Vales."

"Woman!" exclaimed Diggle, "never attempt to say a good thing; you will infallibly scatter its beauties like drops of —of—"

The Poet was for once at a loss for a

comparison, though the rain which was falling presented him with a very apt one, and Joan, whose teeth marks were visible on his nose, passing at the moment with the warming-pan, helped him out by saying "Blood!"

The ladies looked at one another, and Mr. Diggle who, as we have heretofore said, had some curiosity, begged pardon for having intruded into the conversation, and offered to give the ladies any information they wanted.

"My Lady!" said Mr. Puffin, who was in attendance behind, leaning on the oak chest, "that there gentleman can tell you more than any body, my Lady, for he has gone down to the infirm regents, as he told me himself, with a *Hammer*, a *Virgin*, a *Horse*, a Hod, and a crooked Silken Shepherd. He says moreover that he is in Heaven, and can tell all that the stars can, as well as Old Mary down near Aberystwith; and that he has been dam-

ned with the Tartars. And a damned set, begging Your Ladyship's pardon, both friends and enemies found them fellows last war. Moreover—"

"Silence, barbarian! Tartar! Goth!" roared Diggle, being too nearly choaked with rage and mortification to say more.

His friend Thomas pulled him by the sleeve, and advised him to go home; but he would not move till he had impressed the ladies with a more favourable idea of him, than the sergeant's speech was likely to produce, and a sort of scuffle ensued, which seemed to alarm the ladies. Indeed, his very appearance was enough to have alarmed some females! His tall, bony, gaunt figure; his long, ugly face, with prominent teeth, (such as Ogres used to be painted with,) and adorned with a hook nose of the largest dimensions, now swollen and scarified, exhibiting the marks of Joan's teeth, and Dr. Stirit's fingers. Altogether he was most horrific,

especially when he raised his thundering voice.

But this chapter having cost us some labour, we will conclude it, and begin another.

CHAP. XI.

Mr. Diggle persists in distinguishing himself. — The Effect of his Eloquence on the Ladies. — Mrs. Puffin's unlucky Mistake. — The Consequences of the Mistake. — A Challenge. — The Landlady's Consolation. — Conjectures respecting the Hero. — An Author's Conjectures.

The ladies, who perhaps began to think they had got into a mad-house, (they were excusable if they did,) made a movement to quit the place; but Mr. Diggle would not let them go, till he had convinced them of his importance, and though Mrs. Puffin and Mrs. Dunn stood with lighted candles in their hands; and the old lady a little bent with age and infirmity, leaned rather heavily on the arm of her niece, he fairly stopped their progress, and addressed them as follows; while the Sergeant, Thomas, Broadhead,

Joan, and the Pedlar stood staring and wondering what would come next.

"Fame, ladies! fame is the fairest meed the poet claims; and I do not fear that when you hear who I am, all that that barbarian has uttered to sink me in your opinion, will be wafted away on the gale of reminiscence. My name is Diggle."

The young lady blew her nose most violently, but the old one, who had a better command of countenance, said gravely, and bowing low, "Diggle! Diggle!"

"My lady!" said the Sergeant, "it is the lustrus Elisha Diggle that makes books of picks and canteens; he is deserving the pot of laurel!"

This was almost too much for the old lady, whose eye laughed right merrily, and bowing again, she attempted to proceed.

"By the blood of Orpheus, whose death was nectar to what I suffer;

this is the refined cruelty of mental torture," cried Diggle, "and these ladies must allow me to make an exposition of myself before them! I will shew them the naked man! they shall see me as I am! they —

"For shame of yourself, you brutish fellow," cried Mrs. Puffin, "if you begin any of your impudence here, I'll soon settle you, I promise you. What! to offer to assault my guests, and ladies like these too, in my house! It's too bad, and I desire you'll go shew your nakedness somewhere else."

This whole scene was too much for the old lady; she fell back in her chair, laughed till she wept, and brought on a fit of coughing; and her niece accompanied her in her mirth. As soon as they could stand, they hastened up stairs, where their laughter was renewed, while a different convulsion moved those below.

The landlady fell upon Diggle with as much fury as if he had actually com-

mitted some shameful act, and reproached him with injuring the character of her house; while he, on his part, asserted that he had done her too much honor by entering, and by that means immortalizing, the Cheese-toaster, and that he severely repented having thus cast his pearls before swine. He then abused the well-intentioned Sergeant, for having, as he said, ridiculed his betters, while the Sergeant declared that he meant nothing more than to let the ladies know what a great man they had in the house with them, and that in fact he had done nothing more than repeat what Mr. Diggle himself had told him the day before.

"I tell you?" roared Diggle, "I? When did I ever speak with irreverence of the R—? whom God in heaven bless! When did I say he was infirm? He, who is enjoying youth, health, beauty, and mental vigour unimpaired! Infirm? disloyal wretch.—" He was here interrupted by the Sergeant, who said

that he had served his King and country, and lost his limbs in their service, and this was the first time in his life disloyalty had ever been laid to his charge. He swore tremendously; and for once his wife and he being on one side, she seconded him with no small violence. Long, very long did the altercation continue, and it ended in Puffin's insisting on satisfaction for his aspersed loyalty. The Poet vowed he would give it him well the first time he had him alone, but that it was beneath him to meet a plebeian, a publican, in the field.

Upon this, the Pedlar, who had been induced from curiosity to sit up and hear the end of the fray, said that it would be wrong in the Sergeant, who was used to war, to insist on fighting with pistols, but that nothing was now more genteel than to practise boxing; and if Mr. Diggle chose to meet his man that way, he supposed his friend there would second him, and he himself offered to be second to

Mr. Puffin, or if Mr. Puffin found the loss of his legs an hindrance, he would fight the battle for him, which would be just the same thing, as a woman and a maimed man had equally a right to a champion.

This proposal met with the approbation of all present, save and except Mr. Diggle, who long demurred. But as he thought there was less danger of the world being deprived of his rare talents by fisty cuffs than by pistol, he at last reluctantly consented, on condition that the fight should not take place before the end of two days, as he wished to practise a little, and renew his acquaintance with the pugilistic art. To this the Pedlar made no objection, but said there must be no puts off, as he should quit Pont-y-V— on the third day. To the great consolation of Mrs. Puffin, the whole party, including two or three of the inhabitants of Pont-y-V— sat down once more, and did not separate till the

Poet, overcome with wine or punch, (for after the minutest inquiry we cannot ascertain which liquor it was,) was fairly a dead man. This circumstance, had he retained his senses, he would have regarded as an evil prognostic, but those being extinct, *pro tempore*, his friend Thomas reeled home, and left him to pass the night on an oak table in the best room; being thus, as it were, buried on the field where he fell.

It is now time to return to our hero, whose strange and unaccountable behaviour to a young and beautiful woman, whom chance had thrown into his arms, has, we fear, given some of our more fastidious readers a disgust to him, and left others in the persuasion that he was mad. We freely confess that his situation was little short of the last-mentioned circumstance, and perhaps, though his conduct appears strange, he might have very sufficient reasons for it.

In writing the lives of great or re-

markable people, it is not unamusing to an author to imagine what readers of such and such a taste or description may say on certain occasions.

"The fellow must have been a fool," says the man of pleasure, "to throw a fine girl away! stark mad! would I had been in his place."

"Instead of accounting him mad," replies his prudent aunt, "I should take him for a very pretty behaved, modest, pious, young man, shocked no doubt with the girl's boldness in catching hold of him. I declare the wickedness of this age is overwhelming."

"It was a pretty situation," says a young lady in company, "and might have been rendered very interesting, if the author had had any romance about him, but he is a mere downright narrator of facts, and shews little tact in the passions. She ought to have fainted in his arms. That meeting of Delitia and Julius at Herbert

Castle *, (*I* should have called it *Castle Herbert*, it is more touching,) that meeting was really divine, it elicited sparks of love that were truly enchanting." "Nonsense about love," cries an old bachelor, "love is all folly, the women all plagues. This fellow seems a good sensible fellow, and to know how to estimate them. I don't wonder at it, for now they flock about like mermaids all naked, and all squalling and singing; it would sicken any male thing on two legs I should suppose. But come, go on with the book if you please, for I begin to think the author is no fool, since he has found so sensible a hero."

You shall be obeyed, good Mr. Bachelor, but it must be in another chapter.

* In Julius Fitz John, mentioned in the Preface.

CHAP. XII.

The Hero being asleep, the History returns to the Ladies. — Their Opinion on what passed. — The Consequences of speaking French.

MR. HAVERILL had no sooner made the retreat which we have commemorated in the tenth chapter, and locked his door, than he threw himself on his bed, and was happily relieved from a paroxysm of rage and some other strong ingredients, by a flood of tears.

The effects of his passion were merely groans, for reflections he had none! and happily for him, he at last, thanks to his reduced strength, groaned himself to sleep. So we will leave him, though he he was not sleeping very comfortably, and inquire after the newly-arrived guests in the adjoining chamber.

After much laughter at the extraor-

dinary scenes they had witnessed, they expressed their astonishment to each other, at the conduct of Diggle, who, the niece said, must be mad.

"Mad! oh no, my dear!" said the aunt, "only vain, depend upon it. You see he thinks himself the first poet of the age, and I should not wonder if we have a copy of verses incribed to us."

"Well aunt — this is the oddest place! Do hear, what a noise they are making; and there is a groan, what can that mean?" said the niece.

"La, Ma'am!" exclaimed Mrs. Dunn, "'tis the poor gentleman as is contagious to us, I dares say. Chamber-maid tells I, that he do groan and grieve like any thing, though, when he be awake, bating that he never speak but just for his necessities like, he is quite a taking, gentleman-like man."

"Who is this taking gentleman?" asked the mistress.

"That's what I perspired to know

Ma'am," replied the maid, "but he is so closely corked, and so gentle, that the people here can't get nothing out of him. They think sometimes he seems to groan and strain, and be a little uneasy, as if there was something he wants to let out too!"

"Poor man, that's a bad affair," said the old lady.

The niece shook her head, and said she feared there was something worse than all that the matter, for he certainly was as mad as any gentle gentleman need wish to be. She then told her aunt in French, what had happened to herself, and added with a smile, that her vanity had received, or ought to have received a severe check by so sudden an effect of her beauty upon a passing stranger. The aunt observed, that some people perhaps disliked beauty, as others did perfumes: "but madmen," said she, "are so common, that I am never surprised at any thing however singular."

No occurrence in her intercourse with her ladies, as she called them, ever had so unpleasant an effect on the feelings of Mrs. Dunn, as the custom that Mrs. and Miss St. Arno had of speaking French, when they were conversing on any topic they did not think it absolutely necessary for the said Mrs. Dunn to be informed of, and this happened pretty frequently, for they knew that she had an insatiable curiosity, a constant thirst after the affairs of others, and so little discretion in the use of her tongue, that more than once, unpleasant things had occurred from her indiscreet repetition of trivial family affairs. We might say, that she passed her whole time in listening to news; if her exceeding love of talking would allow us: but it must be confessed, that to repeat what she had heard, was an indescribable pleasure, and her life was divided between the two enjoyments.

On the present occasion, she expressed

her displeasure by bouncing about the room, and shaking her mistress's gown that she had to fold up, with great violence; and she contrived to make so much noise, that Miss St. Arno desired her to move about more quietly.

The reply to this was a sort of muttered reproach of a want of confidence, of which Miss St. Arno took no notice. This, probably, threw her more off her guard, or increased her irritation, and, snatching up the pin-cushion from the dressing-table, she threw over one of the candles, and in so unfortunate a direction, that it fell against a mirror that was hung over the table, and, with some report, shattered it into a thousand shivers.

She stood like the statue of Niobe, or any other gentlewoman in great distress, and moved her lips and her fingers in a convulsive manner, without, however, emitting a sound.

"I never saw any thing so foolish in my life," said Miss St. Arno: "How can you be so careless?"

"Are you bewitched, Dunn, that you stand in that manner?" asked the aunt.

"I believe I am bewitched," said poor Dunn; "and I shall be mad in the end? Oh! Lord preserve me! Why, the cost of that glass will be ruin to me!"

"Come, Dunn, think no more about it!" said Mrs. St. Arno; "get into your little bed, and go to rest. Let to-morrow provide for itself."

"I shall never rest more!" sobbed Dunn.

"Yes, yes, you will! Come, get into bed, and don't hinder my aunt from going to sleep," said Miss St. Arno.

"I hinder nobody, ma'am; but I sha'nt go to bed," cried Dunn; "and its very hard it is, for I should never have *interred* this misfortune, if you had not spoken that bad talk you did!"

"What bad talk, Dunn? What did I say?" cried Miss St. Arno.

"Say, Miss! How should I know? I wish I did," answered Dunn; "but the vegetable truth is, that that nasty French is so indecent, I never hear it without being quite angry and enraged, as the Poet says, that you should talk it."

"There, I believe you," cried her mistress. "But now I desire you to go to bed; I insist upon it; for I won't be disturbed: and I advise you to become good friends with the sound of the French, as soon as possible, for we shall speak it almost constantly."

"Good Lord!" cried Dunn. "What! and I stand by and not know a word that's passing, any more than a man that's lost his hearing. I, that never meddle with any body's business nor affairs! I, that never talk about nothing, no more than a dumb woman would!"

"Poor Dunn!" said her mistress.—

"Why, child, you are an incessant talker; and I don't think you are yet enough of a parliament man to talk continually about nothing."

"Dear Ma'am! I a talker? Lord defend me! if I ever speak a word! — no, not a word! And as to telling any thing again — no, if my life depended upon it! — I would bite my tongue off sooner, than tell what I see in any family I live in. There was my old Lady Blunt as I lived with just five years till I came to you, Ma'am, nobody can excuse me for ever having said a word either about her drinking or swearing! I saw her myself throw the chamber-pot out of her room-door at the housemaid, because the poor girl had forgot to empty it. I saw her once hit the coachman a great thump with her umbreller when he came to ask for horders; and every day some drunken prank or other; but nobody can say I ever told a syllable of any thing to any body, no."

How long she would have run on, Heaven knows! but her mistress feared till the morning light; so she once more peremptorily commanded her to be silent, and to go to bed, and that in rather an unusual tone, which produced an effect on Mrs. Dunn that no reasoning could possibly have done. We will then leave the party to compose themselves as well as they can, and, for the present, conclude our chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

The extraordinary Events that happened to Mrs. Dunn during the Night. — An Uproar; and the Whim that possessed the Intruder. — A Night Scene; and Haverill's Conduct — his Reflections. — Some Observations on Modern Female Authors, and their peculiar Taste in Subjects.

The first rays of light were hardly beginning to dawn through the scanty curtain that covered the window in Mrs. St. Arno's room at the Cheese-toaster, when Mrs. Dunn awoke from a tolerably sound nap she had taken in an easy chair, having conscientiously adhered to the resolution she had made, not to go to bed; a breach of obedience her ladies, who were very sleepy, had not perceived.

The large bed in which her mistress slept was placed at the farther end of the

room, and that destined for her in a corner much nearer the door; and though it was not light enough to distinguish objects, she began to fancy that she could find her way to her bed, a circumstance now devoutly to be wished, as she was shaking with cold.

She was preparing to move, then, with as little noise as possible, for she knew the ladies would be angry, if they found she had sat up all night, when she fancied she heard some one stir! It must be Miss St. Arno; and she would wait till she was asleep again. But in about half a minute she had a new subject of alarm; for, as her hand lay upon the arm of the chair she sat on, suddenly a heavy hand was pressed upon it; but it was only for a moment; and the poor woman was so terrified with the circumstance, that, instead of screaming or giving an alarm by any of the usual effects of sudden fear, she fainted away. When, after a short time, she recovered her senses, and found

all perfectly still, she was induced to fancy that the adventure of the hand had been merely a dream; and the wish to go to bed reviving with her cold shivers, she began quietly to undress herself, when, having completed that operation, she stood up to shake down her clothes, and stepped gently towards the corner where her bed was placed. She found the bed without difficulty, and turned the clothes softly down; then sliding in, she was beginning to congratulate herself, when she found the bed already occupied. The usual effect of a fright on Mrs. Dunn was a fainting fit, and that now again happened; so that her female companions, who slept tolerably sound, remained perfectly unconscious that any visitor was in their room.

At last a snoring rather louder than common awoke both ladies, and they began to fancy that Dunn, fluttered with the accident of the mirror, had got the night

mare. The snorings becoming louder and harder, Miss St. Arno said she would get up and wake the poor creature, for it really was frightful.

By this time the light had increased sufficiently to enable a person to see objects, when the curtains were drawn aside, and on her way to Dunn's bed, Miss St. Arno admitted it, and then crept gently to the bed: but reader, guess her horror at discovering that maiden lying as if deprived of life, and a man fast asleep by her side.

The young lady's presence of mind quite forsook her, and she uttered a piercing cry of distress that awoke not only Mr. Haverill, and every other inhabitant of the inn, but the object of her fright himself, and losing all recollection, she was hastening out of the room, when she was stopped by the entrance of those whom her cries had summoned to her assistance. Our hero being her nearest

neighbour arrived first, and stopping her, asked in a voice of compassionate kindness what had alarmed her.

"Oh, Sir, a man, murder! he has murdered ——" Haverill had continued to advance, and now, led by his fair guide, as well as by the old lady who had left her bed, he seized the trembling culprit, who had drawn the pillow over his head, and dragged him from his hiding place; when, to the astonishment of the landlady, Joan, the ostler, and in short every one present, he displayed the identical countenance of the poet Diggle. "Wretched man!" said Haverill, in a voice almost inarticulate from strong emotion; "wretched man!" "Murderer, then I once more behold a victim; no, the case—*it is* not! Oh!"

Here Haverill groaned deeply, and Diggle looking round with marks of unfeigned fear and surprise, eyed the company, all excepting himself, in the most fresco dress they could well wear; and all having from the indistinctness of the light,

more the appearance of phantoms than realities.

And now the strangest fancy that ever entered the head of a man, accused of murder, took possession of Mr. Diggle; and this was no other than the belief, that he had, during his last night's sleep, crossed the Styx, and that he was arrived in the poets' hell. He conceived the figures about him to be authors of other times, coming to claim restitution of ideas, figures, expressions, nay, whole verses, couplets, pages; and he took our hero for one from whom he had borrowed most freely. Mr. Haverill's address made him quake, and in a tremulous voice he said, "I—I—co—co—co—confess."

"That you—murdered her? took what you can never restore?" cried Haverill.

"I did!" groaned Diggle.

"And what could be thy motive?" asked Haverill.

"Gain," said Diggle, "interest, and fame."

"Fame! infamy rather, lost and abandoned soul;" cried Haverill; "but thou must bear thy punishment; would that all who like thee——"

Mr. Haverill was here interrupted by a cry of joy from Miss St. Arno, who exclaimed, "she lives, she lives; thank God!" and at the same moment Mrs. Dunn sat up, and gazed round her with much wonder depicted on her countenance, and as soon as she found her tongue at liberty, she expressed this wonder by the very simple question of "bless me, what are you all doing in your shifts?" This question, which destroyed the pathos of the affair, restored their recollection to the ladies, who retreated to their bed; to the landlady, who went down to assist her husband to buckle on his legs; and to our hero, who perceiving the impropriety of his situation, retired with his prisoner and the ostler, and left the females at liberty to recover themselves, and their domestic as well as they could.

Having consigned the prisoner to the keeping of the ostler and Sergeant Puffin, who was marching to the field as Haverill himself quitted it, our hero returned to his bed, where (as he told us not long ago, to the best of his recollection) the following reflections passed through his mind; "surely fortune, who has blasted my fairest hopes, and crushed ambition and love when they promised most to bestow their fruit upon me, delights to persecute me, and disturb the little portion of tranquillity that I have regained! why else should she present to me those objects most calculated to gall the wound not even yet skinned over? Why throw me into situations torturing to my recollections? Is it to warn me that the cup of woe is not yet exhausted? Let fate do her worst; I am come to a resolution to defy her—but I will do more! I will overcome myself, and venture to see the man—yes, I will look at him; why should I not bear to see him? he has most need

to shrink—he may tremble; the sword is suspended; but what shall become of me in the mean time? Why not stay here? No one knows me; and a month, perhaps less, will unfetter my hands."

This being all Mr. Haverill could with certainty recollect, we forbear to add to it any thing of our own, being more desirous of the reputation of faithful biographers, than ingenious inventors. And we take this opportunity, with unfeigned humility, to acknowledge ourselves inferior, very inferior in the last mentioned character to many, nay, almost all our contemporaries, who can, with the most admirable skill, make the reflections of their hero supply the place of incident, and can convey instruction in all branches of art and science, as well as in divinity and morality, while they are merely telling what their principal personages thought or said.

It would be unjust to the fair sex, not to acknowledge that the ladies particularly excel in this method of writing;

and some of them have contrived, in addition to the subjects we have mentioned, to give rules for the choice of husbands and wives, and strong cautions against the wicked ways and frail sisters of the town; detailing, with scrupulous accuracy, (which no *man* since the days of Richardson would have ventured to do,) every little step, and inward wish, in the course of seduction, from the first trembling address, to the moment of culpability; and from that interesting period, to the *Finish!*

We are by no means blind to the advantages and disadvantages of this plan; but, as it is quite out of our way, we forbear to discuss them. Our own method of giving merely a picture of life, and of men and things as they are, cannot fail to be useful to mankind, even though we do not enter into all the minutiæ of the incidents we relate; that is, if mankind choose to make our works useful; if not, the sin lies at their door, and not at ours.

We have no talents for long, learned disquisitions, or metaphysical subtleties; and we leave all the *ics*, and the *mys*, and the *trys*, and the *ologies*, to those who can find nothing else to fill their books with.

N. B. We are preparing for the press, a work on the most agreeable methods of committing murder and suicide; with very minute details physical and moral. It was proposed to us by an ingenious friend to weave it into the body of this work; but we rejected the idea, as contrary to our usual habits; and we now venture to recommend it to our readers, as a scientific production well worthy their attention.

A lady of our acquaintance proposes speedily to publish a treatise on the various methods and effects of seduction; with an account of the most extraordinary cases, rapes, &c., from Dinah down to the present day. She has the best information on the subject, having (besides her extensive reading) regularly attended

every public place where it could be procured; and even visited houses where the face of a modest female (except for purposes she can best explain) was never before found. This work will be printed the same size as our own.

CHAP. XIV.

The Recovery of Diggle. — Cross Purposes. — A new Whim; and extraordinary Prophecy. — The Fancy. — A scientific Account of the Battle between Diggle and the Pedlar.

Mr. Diggle was no sooner conveyed to the kitchen by his landlord and the ostler, than he began to perceive that he had not yet crossed the Styx. When this ray of light made its way to his sensorium, others followed, and, by degrees, he grew sensible that he had been found in an apartment where he had no business; and he protested upon his soul, both as a poet and a Christian, that he knew no more how he came there, than what he was accused of perpetrating. He ascribed the whole to magic, in which he had before some belief; and, as he conceived the characters of prophet and poet to be

united in his own character, he began to cast about in his mind for an explanation of the affair, and to discover the author of the mischief.

As he sat ruminating, the eye of mine host, who was suffering sundry twinges in his toes; that is, he could have sworn they were in his toes, and would too, though he had not had a toe to swear by for the last two years and more, the rolling eye of Mr. Puffin met his; and, with a very strong, expressive glance, it fixed that of Mr. Diggle. In an instant he was convinced that the poor Sergeant was leagued with the deceiver of mankind; and he ascribed all the cross accidents that had happened, to the malign influence of that enemy, who was anxious to cause the overthrow of the Lord's prophet, as well as of his chosen vessel, Joanna. He instantly felt all the horror of his situation; and he began to fear that he had, by some unbecoming frailty, thrown himself into the power of the ad-

versary. Being, at bottom, a complete coward, though he had been a pugilist of some repute, he shook with dread of what might happen; and the Sergeant, who felt some compassion midst his anger, asked if he would have a little spirit, meaning a glass of brandy.

To the great surprise of the Sergeant, Diggle answered, "Avaunt, evil spirit! From *thy* spirit, Good Lord, deliver us!"

"I should be glad, Mr. Night-walker, to know why," said the Sergeant "for to tell you the truth, though you may be an enemy in disguise, it is as good and as neat moonshine as ever darkened these doors. But mayhap, Sir, you mean to sperse my own spirit, as you did my loyalty? If you do, all I can tell you is, that provided the hell-kite, as he is called, leaves you a bone to be broken, I will settle both accounts at the same time, and as long as you are in this world, you shall remember your visit to the Cheese-

toaster. D—me! but I'll raise the devil, or I'll touch you."

Diggle's fears were not at all lessened by this speech, the exceeding wickedness of which, made him imagine that an event he had in a fit of pious despondency prophesied about six months before, was now about to take place, and that the whole of what had passed within the last two days, was a plot of the devil to get him to himself. He essayed to rise, but the Welsh ostler held him fast, and by this time the Pedlar and the coachman having joined the party, he found himself inspired, and burst out into the following rhapsody, to the great astonishment of his auditors, particularly the Sergeant.—

"You son of the evil One, (to the Sergeant,) you think by your enchantments to prevail against the inspired of the Lord! But the books are opened, and thou art judged. Short is the time that remains! the wheat and the tares shall be gathered! Then shall ye all, sons of

darkness, with your hellish plot to circumvent, to undermine, to blow up, to crush down, to destroy! then shall ye all be destroyed. I see him! I see him! his sword of flame in his hand! But three days and the world is no more! but three days and your bones shall be dust! but three days, and the last judgment overtakes you! but three days, and while ye all crack like cockles in the fire, ye shall see the divine Johanna ascend with the blessed babe of her bosom, and the unworthy Diggle, the second Elisha, to a seat of glory! Tremble! tremble! tremble! but three days to repent — tremble!"

The effect of Mr. Diggle's oratory was as great as heart could desire, for certainly he made some of his auditory tremble, and the Sergeant asked if he was sure that what he said about the fire was true.

"Thou wilt find it too true, answered

Diggle perspiring at every pore with his own fervors.

"If that be the word," replied the Sergeant, "its of no meaning for me to order the bricklayer to look at the roof, or to spend any money at all. And why should we not enjoy the time that comes before the grand attack? A soldier is always merry the night afore a battle, and good reason he have, by God! for he don't know he may be merry after, seeing he may lose his life or his limbs as I have done!"

"True!" said the coachman, "I'm sure if my Missis had a heard this here gentleman's discourse, she'd a hordered the carriage should a had no money spent on he."

The Pedlar, who was not easily wrought upon, fancied that Diggle had invented this story or prophecy to escape the fangs of justice, as well as the meeting determined upon with himself, (for the Sergeant said he should be too top-heavy for

a boxing match,) so to try the mettle of his man, he said that if matters were so soon to be brought to an end, the sooner all affairs of honor were settled the better, and he for his part was willing to enter the ring with the gentleman directly, for the justice would not be stirring these two or three hours, and they might have two or three very comfortable rounds. "I' that case" said he, "you'll all gwo to th' gridiron i' peace, and there'll be noa wark aboot honor and sich like stuff, it t'other place."

Nobody seemed averse to this but Mr. Diggle, who vowed that his mind was occupied with thoughts of another kind, and that he forgave the enemy all he had said. The enemy however was not so complaisant to him, and Broadhead the coachman having a little *fancy*, as the scientific call it, offered to be bottle holder to Mr. Diggle, for whose character he had conceived a great respect, while the Sergeant prepared to perform the same

office for his champion. Diggle opposed all this long and sturdily; but at last he was induced, partly by the entreaties and encouragement of his second, partly by a good glass of neat moonshine that raised his spirits, partly by his own wish to have the trial over, and some remains of affection for the sport of his youth, and partly by the insulting sneers of the Sergeant and the Pedlar to comply; and the place agreed upon for the combat being the yard of Mr. Puffin's house; all parties prepared for the engagement.

It was not so early in the morning but that many of the inhabitants of Pont-y-V— were already on foot before the battle commenced, and a very respectable audience, all eager for the morning's amusement, was collected before the combatants entered the ring.

And now we confess that it would have been impossible for us, at this distance of time, to have given a correct account of this engagement, had it not been

through the kindness of the curate, who was one of the principal *fancy*, and who, hearing from his housekeeper that there was going to be a boxing match at the Cheese-toaster, dressed himself in haste, and arrived in time to see the commencement of the affair. He took notes on the occasion, and having favored us with them, we transcribe them *verbatim et literatim*; not presuming to add to, or diminish from, so scientific and authentic a production.

The Match at Puffin's, Oct. 18, *between Diggle and Pedlar.*

1. In setting to there was a good deal of ceremony, at last Pedlar obtained an introduction, and proved a rough acquaintance. Diggle regularly acknowledged all favors.

2. Diggle received a nosegay and got away. Pedlar waited on his man, and planted right and left with great success. Pedlar more thoroughly grounded, but

Diggle the advantage in point of material.

3. Diggle struck short, and was complimented on the jaw bone. He rallied however, and ran up a score on Pedlar's head. Pedlar extremely gay, laughed a good deal, and very comical in his ways. Amused Diggle a long time about the left ear, but the latter becoming serious, struck him down short.

4. Pedlar ran in—hit Diggle. Diggle stood to, and got several good things, but being a fanciful customer, was a long time before he was suited to his mind. Completely churned, without any opportunity of acknowledging the favor. Diggle planted a square blow on the chest, that brought red wine from the Pedlar's cellar: but getting his allowance, lost bottom, and ran for it. Pedlar got Diggle's head into Chancery; seconds interfered, and spoiled sport. The man might have stood again, though he seemed quite thrown out of work, and had for the pre-

sent no more to say. The whole very funny; cursed stupid not to make up the man again, though he had been thrashed, and from the working of his adversary's machinery appeared quite a different material. The Pedlar seemed to have the best of it from the first, but to Judges only. Mem. To ask both to dine at ——'s, where the Fancy will meet.

As this account gives so satisfactory a description of the situation of the combatants, we forbear to add a word to it; and while the Sergeant is congratulating and nursing his champion, and his wife is taking care of the Poet's head, we will conclude our chapter.

CHAP. XV.

Particulars of a Conversation above Stairs, and another below Stairs. — A proposed Migration. — A Rencontre. — A young Lady's Whims — and other Matters.

We shall for the present leave the Poet, who was conveyed in a cart to the house of his friend Mr. Thomas, and return to Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, who as soon as they felt inclined to rise, rung the bell for the landlady, and having sent Mrs. Dunn, who was already up, to assist Joan in preparing some chocolate, they desired Mrs. Puffin to fasten the door, and to take a seat. Mrs. Puffin, who fancied they were about to complain of the disturbance they had had, summoned all her spirit to defend her house, and turned as red as a turkey-cock as she obeyed them.

"I am quite aware," said the old lady, "that the disturbance we had —"

"La! my lady," interrupted Mrs. Puffin, "such a thing as never happened before at the Cheese-toaster. But now it's all settled, and the person as caused it, has fit this morning, and is pretty well quieted."

"Did you say he had had a fit?" asked Miss St. Arno.

"Dear no, Miss! only an allowance, as the Parson called it."

"He shall have his full allowance from us too," said the old lady, "for I was going to tell you if you had not interrupted me, that we —"

"I'm sure I'm heartily sorry to have interrupted you, my lady," cried Mrs. Puffin.

"Well then, don't interrupt me again, but hear what I have got to say," said Mrs. Arno.

"I won't speak, my lady," cried the landlady.

" I was going to tell you," continued the old lady, " that from the circumstances, we are aware that the person, whoever he was, entered our room by mistake, and got admittance from the carelessness of my woman, who having broken your glass — "

" Good God of Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Puffin, now for the first time perceiving the wrecks.

" *I*'ll pay for it," said the old lady.

She was again interrupted by the thanks of Mrs. Puffin, which at last subsiding, Mrs. St. Arno continued.

" My woman carelessly left the door unlocked, and I take it for granted, that the man imagined he was in his own apartment. I wish you then to tell him that he will not receive any molestation from me; he may be perfectly easy."

" Law! my lady, easy! they say he won't be easy again this month" cried the landlady.

" Why?" asked the lady.

"Why, my lady? why because my husband the Captain, have a-punished him for his attempt on your ladyship; and this morning after he was took't down, he fit with my husband's friend, who punished him, and he is sent home with a head as big as a barrel."

This news did not seem to give all the pleasure she expected to the ladies; at which she wondered very much, as she did at the only reply they made to it, merely asking the poor man's name. She no sooner mentioned it, but Mrs. St. Arno fancied the seeds of the quarrel had been sown the preceding evening, if not before, and she felt easy with regard to any part she might have in it.

"And now, Ma'am," continued the old lady, "I want to inquire if you know, whether there is any cottage in this neighbourhood that I could occupy for about a fortnight or three weeks: I would take it for a month, but I shall not stay quite so long."

The landlady, who foresaw great advantage to the Cheese-toaster, from Mrs. St. Arno's becoming a near neighbour, considered and told over upon her fingers all the places within twenty miles. At last she remembered that two ladies, who had lived in a house they had hired for the summer, had quitted it the week before, and she hastened down to inquire to whom it belonged, and whether it was fit to receive new guests.

The best room was ready for the ladies, and they breakfasted there very comfortably, being waited on by Joan; while Mrs. Dunn, who looked ill and mortified, sat down with the landlord and his lady, and Mr. Broadhead.

"Well, Ma'am," said Mrs. Puffin, "I hope we shall have you for neighbours, for I have made sure that the Rose Cottage as the ladies have had all summer is free, and it will exactly soot the ladies, I should think."

"The more's the pity," said Mrs.

Dunn, "for if they once get into a place where Miss St. Arno can make pictures, they won't think of going away again. I never seed such a thing in my life. It is just eleven months this very day since I came to live with them. Then they were living in a cottage they had on the banks of the Wye, and my misseses woman as had lived nine years with her, died of a fever, and Miss never left her. Well the Doctor as attended her, doctored my Missis, my Lady Blunt of H—, and as he went every day from H—, and was an old friend of mine, Ma'am, he recommended me to Mrs. Starno when my lady died, (so she pronounced the name,) and I haccepted the sitivation, though it was a gradation to go from a lady to a commoner! Well, Ma'am! Law, Mr..Broadhead, you had gone just a month before, was not it?"

"Yees!" said the coachman.

"Well Ma'am, they tookt a mangination to go till very nigh Christmas, from

one spot to another, to see views, as they said, and Miss has a port fool full of them."

"What is a port fool?" asked the Sergeant.

"La, Sir! a port fool — why 'tis a gurt big book, with nothing but a back!" replied Mrs. Dunn, "and so they put pictures in it. Miss has two, one big and one little."

"Ah!" said the Sergeant, "one for big fools and one for little fools."

Mrs. Dunn, who did not seem to like these interruptions, went on.

"Well Ma'am, as I was telling you, they wandered about making woods and water every where."

"That was natural enough!" said the Sergeant.

Mrs. Dunn grew very impatient, and raising her voice, she continued, as if she was determined to be heard.

"Every where I say! And then a lit-

tle before Christmas, we went back to the nasty cottage."

"Rose Cottage is beautiful," said Mrs. Puffin.

"Nasty Cottage," continued Mrs. Dunn, "and there we staid without seeing a single creature for weeks together, for the weather was wretched. Well we staid there till April, and then we packed off bag and baggage, to go to London about some business. I never could get to know what though, for Mrs. Starno, though she is a gentlewoman too, talks that indecent tongue, French. But I thought something about fruit, for she often talked about Pear and Pear — and I know she has land in Herefordshire."

"Yees," said the coachman, "I often drove them to a lawyer's, I do believe twar a law-suit."

"Aye," said Mrs. Dunn, "so I always thought. Well I suppose they got it then, for as soon as the weather grew fine, off we went to York, and so to the lakes,

and there have we been filling the port fool till now, when Miss tookt into her head that she should like some Welsh views and some tumbling tints as she calls them, and I suppose this Rose Cottage was what they were Frenching about last night, as caused all my misfortunes; but I'll have my revenge of the man as meant to insult my virtue, though Missis may let him off. But pray Mrs. what's your name, where is this Cottage?

Mrs. Puffin was not very well pleased to be so addressed; but her interest was concerned, so she bridled her pride, and informed her guest that Rose Cottage was a little Gothic building, about a mile out of the direct road to Rhanvellyn, situated in a deep valley, and surrounded with hills every way. "There is a little place behind, where a man and his wife who have the care of every thing live; and his daughter serves for housemaid, or any thing else," said the landlady, and we can supply all you want, for our cart

may serve the family. It will be very pleasant for the next month, if the weather be fine, but it would not do in winter! it's always either snowed up, or the floods half wash it away."

"A pretty prospect," said Mrs. Dunn, and was proceeding, when Joan informed her that her lady wanted her, and she was obliged to move her feet instead of her tongue.

Mrs. Dunn received orders from her mistress to pack the chaise seat, and have all things in readiness to move to Rose Cottage, by three o'clock, if, upon inspection, it was found fit for their reception. In the mean time the ladies ordered a post chaise, and set out to meet the owner on the spot where Mrs. Puffin told them he would be waiting to receive them.

They were delighted with their ride, which, after they turned out of the direct road to Rhanvellyn, was exceedingly picturesque, being continually on the descent

through a beautiful wood, till within about a furlong of the Cottage, which stood on a little lawn through which ran a clear stream. This was crossed by a rustic bridge, and a neat gravel walk led to the door. Behind the Cottage was the habitation of the farmer, as he called himself, and the stables and coach-house so built as to resemble a chapel in its exterior, and a pretty garden, with some good fruit trees.

The house itself consisted of two parlours and two bed-rooms in front, and a kitchen and store-room behind, with two servants' rooms over them. It had been cleaned since the family left it, and Mrs. St. Arno finding it quite as large as she wished it to be for the time she intended to stay, gave the necessary orders to the farmer and his daughter, whose services she engaged, and returned to Pont-y-V—.

"I think this place will answer our purpose very well, my dear," said the

aunt, "and if we dont find so many comforts and conveniences as we did in Herefordshire, novelty will remunerate us for the sacrifices we make."

"We! Ah my dearest little mamma! do let me call you so! it is you make sacrifices to gratify me!" said the niece, "and I sometimes repent having uttered a wish about Wales! But it is to me, so interesting; and, if I had not seen the mountains of the North, I should say, so singular."

"Yes my dear!" replied the aunt, "so you find, that nothing is, in fact, singular. I have seen a good deal of the world, and I begin now, I think, to know something about it. Depend upon it, there is nothing in it, that is singular! you will never find one man so great a fool, that there is not another to keep him in countenance, or one man, so peculiar in his habits, that another will not, in a great measure, resemble him."

"I dare say, that it may be so," said

the young lady, "but, I am somewhat hard of belief, as Dunn says; I do not think it well possible to find another little inn in Wales, so stocked with oddities as that we slept in last night, from the landlord to his guests; and I wish the disturbance we have met with may not be a bad prognostic for us."

"Never mind the prognostics Anarella," replied the aunt, "I never trouble my head about prognostics."

By this time, they were turning out of the road to the Cottage, into that which led to Pont-y-V—, and perceived our hero walking slowly up the hill, as they descended it.

"Here is one of the oddities!" cried Anarella, "the man, who threw me from him; Lord what a horrid, fierce looking creature he is! and what a dress!"

The old lady put on her spectacles, and examined the countenance of Haverill, as he slowly approached: when he came opposite the carriage, he saw

the ladies looking at him, and with a deep blush, that shewed he had not forgotten his first interview, and an ease, and gracefulness of manner, that proved he was used to genteel society, he touched his hat as he passed.

Mrs. St. Arno bowed in return to his compliment, but Anarella, who, besides the scene on the stairs, remembered that in her own room, turned her head to the other side of the carriage.

" Did you ever see such a strange, mad looking man," cried the young lady. " I declare, I could have fancied he looked savage at me!"

" That would have been fancy, my dear," said the aunt, " for certainly it looks more in sorrow than in anger. I think, I never saw deep, heart-sunk woe written in more legible characters on any man's face. I should like to know his history."

Anarella laughed at this, and said, " it was lucky she had not felt so strong an

interest about the man, as it would have been called a growing fancy." To which, her aunt replied gravely, "that the stranger seemed a staid, sober person, and too old for such a goose-cap as her Anarella. But, I think, he would be a very proper companion for me," continued she, "and who knows what might happen? Why, you tell me, I am growing every day younger, so by and by, I shall be authorized to do a very young trick, perhaps. But, my dear girl, we must think about your business! I always avoid speaking of it, as much as possible, but some plan must be pursued; and, as we want information, I must, I think, closet the landlady."

Anarella sighed, and said, to-morrow would do, at which, her aunt shook her head, and vowed, that she hated the word to-morrow, while to-day was in existence.

"But, I shall take the whole conduct on myself," said she, "I believe, it will

turn out nothing at all, but we will do our best."

Anarella would have thanked her, but they found themselves at the door of the Cheese-toaster, and having deposited them there, we will close our chapter.

CHAP. XVI.

Mrs. St. Arno is acquainted with the State of Public Affairs.—Alarms.—The Arrival of the Marquis of Hardenbrass. — His Companion. — A Blood Parson. — Observations on the Party. — They go to Rhanvellyn.—A Peep from a Rock.

WHEN Mrs. St. Arno and her niece went up to their apartment, they found Mrs. Dunn sitting weeping bitterly in the midst of their clothes, and not a single preparation made for removal. On inquiry into the cause of this inattention to her mistress's orders, she replied in the following words, interspersed with sundry tears, and sobs, and groans.

"Cause, Ma'am? Oh! cause enough! —Oh! its all over;—there's an end.— A con—con—conco—co—"

"Don't be such a fool, Dunn!" said Anarella impatiently. "A con— what?"

"A confabulation, Miss!" sobbed Dunn.

"Aye, probably!" said Mrs. St. Arno; "it will not be the first nor the last."

"Oh dear, yes, Ma'am, it will be the last," cried Dunn; "and will make an entire end."

"Of what?" asked the mistress.

"Of me!—of us all!" said Dunn.

"That's terrible!" said her mistress; "but, however, in the meantime, put up these things, and order my own horses to the carriage."

As if bewildered, Mrs. Dunn departed to perform the last part of the order, leaving the first to be done by Miss St. Arno, who set about packing the things with great alacrity.

Dunn returned in five minutes, saying, that the bad news had had such an effect on every body, that Broadhead could not get the carriage mended. "There is nobody left in no place,

ma'am," said she; "and every body, but just you, is frightened to death."

"What is there to be frightered about?" said her mistress: "I have not yet heard."

"Lord, Ma'am, I'm sure, begging your pardon, I told it to Miss Starno!" said Dunn.

"Told me! what?" cried Anarella.

"About the Prophet, Miss," said Dunn. "I told you there was to be a confabulation, I think they call it."

"Oh! a meeting of all the Prophets! is it, Dunn?" asked Mrs. St. Arno, gravely.

Dunn, who was exceedingly irritable, and fancied that the ladies misunderstood her on purpose, here lost the command of her temper, and said, that it would be a fiery meeting for some people that laughed at it now: that, for her part, she had been taught to regard the Scripture; and God said the world should

be destroyed by a confabulation, and not by water. "It is no joke, Miss," said she "*to me*, whatever it may be to *you*, Miss; and I know I never would have left Hereford, if I'd a-thought I'd a been burnt in Vales."

The ladies, who had now found out that she was talking of a conflagration, laughed not a little; and, on inquiry, they discovered that Mr. Diggle was the prophet; and that his prediction had, by this time, alarmed the whole town of Pont-y-V—. The lower orders of people had quitted their labour, and run either to the alehouse or the meeting, as their dispositions and habits dictated; and the more respectable inhabitants were busy in settling their temporal as well as eternal affairs. Among the true converts to the opinion of Mr. Diggle's infallibility were the domestics of Mrs. St. Arno, and the girl Jòan, who said, that now the world would be convinced Joanna was the true virgin.

Nobody at Pont-y-V— perhaps, suffered more than a gentleman mentioned in this work more than once, called Justice Hellborough, and known in the town and neighbourhood by the name of Hell-Kite. He went to the house of Mr. Thomas, and procured admission to the prophet, who did not spare him in his remonstrances and admonitions; but sent him away in so complete a terror of the judgment to come, that he procured the enlargement of a poor woman whom he had caused to be confined in a solitary cell in the prison, for having broken a young twig or two off one of his trees, to give as a whip to her little girl who was running by her side. The child had been sent to the workhouse, where it soon died; and the poor woman came out of confinement a melancholy picture of wretchedness and insanity. It would fill a volume, if we were to relate the labours of the Justice in reversing vile acts of arbitrary power during the time his

terror lasted ; and we will, therefore, for the present, leave him to his own happy reflections and agreeable fears.

Mrs. Puffin, though somewhat infected with the general alarm, was by no means inattentive to her own interest, and she had a basket of provisions, and a small hamper of wine put up according to Mrs. St. Arno's orders ; but not all her intreaties could induce the smith to repair the carriage, and the lady must have used a post-chaise, had not the Pedlar, who was drinking with the smith in the kitchen, offered to do the job if he might use his tools, to which the smith consenting, Mrs. St. Arno found herself fully prepared for departing about five o'clock, so much later than she had intended or wished, that she began to feel a little angry at the folly of Diggle, and the natives of Pont-y-V—.

She had paid her bill, and was about to leave her apartment, when the Mar-

quis of Hardenbrass in a plain travelling chariot drove up to the door, and Mrs. St. Arno impatient to be gone, took her niece's arm, and both ladies letting down their veils, hurried through the house and entered their carriage. They drove off at a quick pace, and left Mrs. Puffin at liberty to give her whole attention to the illustrious stranger.

It was in vain that Mrs. Puffin panted for the honour of receiving the Marquis of Hardenbrass under her roof, he sat squeezed back in one corner of his chariot, the other being occupied by a man of business in whom the Marquis had the greatest confidence, and who, in the various alterations he had made on the estates of the Marquis, always in his patron's presence declared, that he followed the lead of a superior genius, and was but an humble workman, who executed the elegant idea of the scientific architect. This gentleman's name was

Timothy Slapdash, Esq. but as we may perhaps have occasion to mention him again, we will leave him for the present.

In the second carriage was the chaplain, who divided his patron's favor with Mr. Slapdash, and as their walks were different, they contrived not to interfere with each other. The Rev. Elias Blood could drive, box, fence, run, play at hazard, billiards, chess, backgammon, whist, vingt-un, or any other game of chance or skill. No man was a better judge of horse-flesh, or knew the odds more surely, and it had been whispered in the circle he was known in, that his friendship for the Marquis had induced him to qualify himself to be equally useful in his amours, as in his amusements. The Marquis could not stir without him, and though he was himself longing to visit a friend in Norfolk, where the pheasants could not die in peace unless he had a flash at them, he was obliged to journey into Wales. His dress was so un-

clerical, that unless where he was known, nobody would have guessed his profession; indeed he was as heartily ashamed of it, as it had reason to be of him.

The people of Pont-y-V— crowded round the carriages, while the horses, which had been sent on some hours before from C——, were put to them, and among the rest, the Pedlar who has so often been mentioned in this true and authentic history. He seemed very anxious to see the Marquis, and mounting on a bench at the outside of the door, he gazed full into the carriage.

The Marquis was some time before he perceived him, and when he did, he drew down the blind of the window, and called out to the men to make haste. They obeyed as quickly as possible, and were just setting off full speed, as usual, when one of the horses lost a shoe. This accident obliged the party to stop again, and while the Pedlar repaired it, Mr. Slapdash, who wished to

shew himself, and his familiarity with his superiors to the people, prevailed on his patron to alight, and look at an old market-cross, now considerably decayed.

Accordingly the carriage door being opened, the gentlemen walked slowly up the town, followed by the idle mob, and after criticising and fixing the exact date of the cross, they re-entered their vehicle and pursued their journey.

" Well !" cried Joan, as soon as they were gone, " I never was more disappointed in my days. I always thought your Markasses was fine, gay handsome gentlemen, and that poor creature is no such thing! I wish I may never be married if his stomach is not as big as Fill-pail's, and she'll calve in a week! and his legs look so thick and so swelled as if they could hardly carry that, and his behind part, which is heavy enough." " For shame! for shame!" cried her mistress, " hold your prophane tongue, you saucy Velsh slut you ; to talk so wickedly of

your betters! Everybody says the Markis is a very handsome man, and the ladies are all mad of him."

"I wonder at their taste," replied Joan, "for his two cheeks are just like two bladders of hog's-lard, and he has got gart hairy whiskers like a beast."

"That has been the fashion a long time," said the Sergeant, "it is like the Germans."

"He was very hadsome once," said the Pedlar, "and as genteel as he was handsome. I've heard say too he could dance better than a dancing master, but noo he has t' goot."

"The more's the pity!" said Mrs. Puffin, "that a handsome man should be changed so, and be so blown and pursy like."

"You'd better mind what you say," said the Pedlar, "for he trimmed a man soundly that said he was fat, and made him pay swinging damages for taking away his character."

This assertion of the Pedlar made the company laugh, spite of their expectation of the general conflagration; but the Pedlar swore it was a fact, and added that afterwards the writer called him a Dorniss, (meaning probably Adonis,) and that he had gone by that name ever since.

And now we must leave the inhabitants of the Cheese-toaster to pursue their subject, if they please, and follow the illustrious original, who was dragged up the hill much slower than he liked; fr one of his peculiarities was a constant restlessness, and desire to fly from place to place, as fast or faster than any, merely mortal horses, could carry him. On the present occasion the drivers thought it prudent to let their beasts relax in their efforts, and when reprimanded, they said that it was as much as all their lives were worth to go at such a pace on that road.. The Marquis swore, but he was obliged to be content, and the increasing dueki-

ness made his companions wish heartily to see Rhanvellyn Castle.

By the time the noble party had passed the dangerous road cut in the rock, and the no less dangerous bridge, the moon had risen and enlightened the romantic scene in the most enchanting manner. The Marquis, who was really a man of taste, viewed the prospect with pleasure, and raising his eyes to the side of the mountain, he beheld the figure of a man, bending forward from a sort of shelf on which he was seated, and eying him with great attention. The face of his examiner was not visible, as the light did not shine upon it, but his own might be distinctly seen, for it was exposed to the full light of the moon. Though there was really nothing very extraordinary in this, as any foot passenger who heard the equipages coming would naturally climb up the first practicable place he could meet with, and as naturally examine the people in the carriages, yet the Marquis seemed to be-

unusually alarmed, and was at first inclined to stop and examine who so impertinent a gazer was ; it is probable that the fear of an accident on so dangerous a road, only prevented him.

Slight as this incident was, and easily accounted for, it at once destroyed the pleasure he had in the scene ; and, when Dr. Stirit welcomed him to the Castle, he replied only by an inclination of the head, and retired for an hour to the octagon library that had been prepared for his reception.

CHAP. XVII.

Mr. Haverill returns to Pont-y-V—.—Some Account of the State in which he found that Place. —Mrs. Puffin's Information.—Haverill's Mistakes.—The Inconvenience of public Alarm.

We doubt not that our ingenious readers will already have guessed, that the figure that had so alarmed the Marquis of Hardenbrass was no other than that of our hero; and, in truth, that was the case. If we recollect rightly, the last time we had the pleasure of meeting him was when we descended the hill to Pont-y-V— with the ladies, and he was then walking towards Rhanvellyn.

We do not feel ourselves authorized, on this occasion, in fully explaining why he chose to take that walk rather than any other, or why he contrived or happened to stay out so late, as to be under the ne-

cessity of climbing the mountain to avoid the carriages: in due place and time, he will explain all this, and many other much more material circumstances himself; or, if not, we will do it for him.

It was near eight o'clock when he entered the town of Pont-y-V—; and he felt some surprise at an air of unusual bustle in the streets, and at seeing two or three knots of people talking. Their words reached his ear as he passed along, but not always intelligibly; and he entered the Cheese-toaster without being at all aware of the cause of the general commotion. The best room, as well as the kitchen, was filled with company, who exceedingly rejoiced Mrs. Puffin, by drowning their cares in her liquor, and they made a dreadful noise.—

"I shall not sleep," thought Haverill to himself: "even if I could, this noise would prevent me." He, however, passed through the house, and had reached

the foot of the stairs, when Mrs. Puffin accosted him:

"Dear, Your Honor! I was afeard you was gone! Have you heard the bad news as is in the field?"

"No!" replied Haverill.

This abrupt and forbidding monosyllable did not discourage Mrs. Puffin, who was delighted to have found yet one who had not learnt the public calamity; and, for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, she repeated it.

"La, Your Honor! it's very bad; there's going to be a fornication!"

"A what?" said Haverill.

"La, Your Honor!—A general fornication, day after to-morrow, the second of November."

In spite of his gloom, and the sort of dislike he had conceived against his species, and their mirth and folly, he almost smiled, and would have proceeded without replying, but Mrs. Puffin had cut off

his retreat, and was between him and the stairs. She continued her speech thus:

"La! Your Honor does not seem to mind he; but the word's given, and nobody won't escape. There's nar a creature in Pont-y-V—, man, woman, and child, as don't tremble at the thoughts of it; and old Madam Pincher, as is seventy-two, and as lived without fire all last vinter, has gived away five shillings in copper to-day. She is as rich as Crishus, as folks says, and now she vants to buy herself off."

Still Haverill could not comprehend why an old woman of seventy-two should be alarmed in such a conjuncture; and he attempted again to pass.

"Good Lord, bless us!" cried the landlady, "why, Your Honor does not mind he! It is from heaven, as the prophet do say. Fire and brimstone on our Sodom and To-morrow. Not a stroke of work has man, woman, or child dood since the news comed; and good news

enough it is for the Cheese-toaster, for them that has the money says they might as well enjoy theirselves."

"I shall want a man to go to C— for me, to-morrow," said Haverill, "to fetch a parcel. He must set off early, for I foresee a change of weather, and he had better not be late. He may come to my room for directions."

This delivered Haverill from his landlady, and he went up stairs. At any other time, there would have been twenty people ready to undertake a walk to C—, which was but at the distance of eight miles, for the gentleman, but now, not one would put himself to the trouble of moving, and there seemed to be a general determination to enjoy the little of life that remained, and to leave the gentry to work for themselves. When Joan carried Mr. Haverill his supper, she told him, that the great fire had so tired the people, that no body could stir.

"A Fire?" said Haverill, "when?"

"It will be after to-morrow, your Honor," said Joan. I should have expected that answer from an Irishwoman, thought Haverill, but there are bulls every where.

"Then, I can't have a messenger ?" asked he. "No, your Honor," replied Joan with a curtsey, "for David ap-Thomas has gived up going, because of the bad news. It has touched every body! Old Justice Hellborough, as they say, have fined hisself eighteen times to day, for swearing purfame oaths, and gived the money to poor Mary Jones, as lost her senses, with being in a sunterry cell. Doctor Kill, as was all in all before Doctor Stirit comed, has visited round to ax forgivings, and they say, when the work begins, he will throw his shop out of vindore, and Lawyer Gulp-ap-Gulp has sent for the priest, to give him a solution for his shins."

Haverill heard no part of this speech, butthe first sentence ; he sat with his head

resting on his hands, and having determined to walk to C— himself, if the morning was fine, he told Joan to leave him till he should ring. After he had eaten his supper, he sat ruminating till he felt exceedingly exhausted, and this, perhaps, procured him some hours sleep, which he enjoyed, in spite of the noise that lasted till morning.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Day of reckoning, or the Prophet in Glory. — The Sealing of the Joannites. — General Expectation. — Happy Evasion of Diggle.

As, if in contradiction to the general expectation of fire from heaven, the morning of the first day of November was uncommonly cold for the season, and before noon it was observed, that some of the peaks of the mountains were newly enveloped in garments of snow. This would not have prevented Mr. Haverill from walking, or riding to C—, if he had been able to do so, but he was very unwell, and remained in bed the greatest part of the day.

When he arose, he heard an unusual uproar in the town, and spite of his misanthrophy, feeling a desire to know the reason, he descended to the street.

He there, reader, beheld a scene worthy the days of the good Prophet Jeremiah, for it was no less than the greatest part of the population of Pont-y-V— uttering lamentations, in various keys and various manners, and intermixing them with prayers to the Poet Diggle, or perhaps, on this occasion, we ought to say, Prophet Diggle, who ran some risk of being torn in pieces through mere veneration and kindness. He stood in the midst of them, swelling in the spirit of pride, internally, quite as much as he was swollen externally, by the Chancery suit of the day before, of which, the effects were visible enough ; and his black eyes and huge head, that seemed too heavy and colossal for his shoulders, added an expressive and characteristic solemnity to his whole appearance. A crowd of women of all ranks pressed round him to kiss his garment or his hand, and he being unwilling to lose an opportunity to make converts to the right doctrine, now,

when matters were brought to so near a crisis, determined to address the audience. He made signs with his hand that he wished to be heard, and was immediately hoisted upon a corner of the market cross and spoke as follows :

" It rejoices me, unhappy, condemned brethren ! it rejoices me to see that now, when the combustibles are prepared, and ready to fall like the lightning of that false deity, Jove, and the not less terrible fire and brimstone of the true God, it rejoices me, as I said before, makes my entrails sing for exultation, to behold, that, like true Christians, you are all in proper frame of mind for so decisive a judgment. Yet, a little while, and we are no more : yet, a little while, and we are but dust and ashes ! Let me then persuade you to make sure of heaven, by believing on that woman who is to be the true Virgin, who beareth the true Shiloh in her bosom ! That woman who has beat Beelzebub out of the field, and

made him yield! Does she not say, by woman came sin, and by me shall 'come redemption from sin? To-night, yea, to-night she brings forth; and to-morrow shall you see her fly to heaven with the Shiloh in her bosom. Believe, believe then, believe to day! To-morrow will be too late. Be ye sealed unto salvation! Be ye true Joannites! I, an unworthy Prophet of the pure Joanna! I, a Prophet who see into futurity —"

Mr. Diggle was here prevented from proceeding, by loud cries of the female Joannites, who were pretty numerous in the assembly, and who raised loud hosannahs to his honour. They nearly, if not entirely worshipped him, and the men in general followed their example, when a murmur began to run through the assembly, that a very decent, harmless, woman had been so terrified by the expectation of the fiery judgment, that she had hung herself, and been found quite dead. Diggle improved this cir-

cumstance to his advantage, and said if she had been sealed, it could not possibly have happened; and there being in the town a regular agent of Joanna, who sold seals at the moderate price of one shilling, he was straightway besieged, and obliged (his stock not being sufficiently large) to cut his ware into small pieces, so that none of the good people of Pont-y-V — might go to heaven without a passport.

Our hero, who was a spectator of all this, was impious enough to wonder whether the Prophet had any share in the harvest, and as he was now pretty well informed on the subject of the public calamity, he felt some curiosity to know how affairs would terminate the next morning.

Mr. Diggle had been indiscreet enough to fix the hour of twelve for the completion of the prophecy, and long before that time universal terror or universal drunkenness prevailed. The few, very

few, who retained their senses, were alarmed for what the consequences of the discovery of the mistake might be. It so happened, that even Mr. Diggle began to have some inward doubting as to the result, a doubting which probably sprung from the hope of being mistaken. Whatever its source was, it moved Mr. Diggle to provide for his own safety, by quitting the house of his friend Mr. Thomas; for if the people should find that he was mistaken, he thought he should be better any where else than in Pont-y-V —.

It was not, however, a very easy matter for so public a character as Mr. Diggle had become, to quit the house of his friend without being seen; for many of the converts seemed to think their hopes of salvation depended on their proximity to the Prophet. They besieged the house, and as the hour approached, they gazed at heaven trembling.

About ten o'clock, under pretence of retiring to silent and solitary prayer, Mr. Diggle left the house, and went into a little summer-house in the garden: he had desired not to be disturbed; and he knew the family would comply with his wish.

Having locked the door, he took a view of the adjacent gardens and premises; and, fancying that he perceived a way by which he might escape to the road leading to C ——, he determined to try, and to send by the carrier for his portmanteau.

He found some difficulty in squeezing his body through a sash window of no very large dimensions; but at last he succeeded; and having rather lost his balance, he slipped into a stream that ran under the window, and that wet him completely above the knee. This, however, he disregarded, and bending low, that he might not be perceived by any stray inhabitant of the neighbouring houses, he made his way through a plan-

tation of gooseberry trees, which, it must be confessed, had so little regard for the Poet, that they tore his flesh and his garments more than once.

At the extremity of the garden, however, he arrived in safety, and there he found, to his great dismay, that the thick high hedge had not, as he had fancied, any outlet. What was to be done? It must be passed! Making, then, the only resolution that could avail him, he peeped on each side, to spy, if possible, the weakest part, and essayed to get over it. After much exertion, much tearing of flesh, and much rending of garments, he reached the other side, and found himself in a neat little garden belonging to a woman who had the day before become his disciple. Luckily for him, she had now joined the crowd in front of Mr. Thomas's house; and it would have been still more lucky, if a pig she kept had been inspired with an equal share of devotion! but that unclean animal some-

how taking offence at Mr. Diggle's intrusion as he sneaked through the yard, attacked him, and was not driven off till she had lacerated his leg. At last, however, she was stunned by a blow on the head from a huge stake the valiant Diggle found near, and left for dead on the field. He tied his pocket handkerchief round his leg, and gained a lane in which were a few miserable dwellings, now emptied of their inhabitants; and this, as he had supposed, led him to the road to C——, which was very miry and deep, and on which he consequently made no rapid progress.

By the time he had reached the second mile-stone, and he leaned against it, as well to rest his leg, which was very painful, as to consult his watch, to know whether the awful time, which he yet believed in his heart would come, though he hoped it might not, was near at hand. This information, however, he could not have, for his watch was gone, having

slipped out of his pocket when contending with the briars; and, though he felt half-convinced that he should not survive twelve, nay, two hours longer, he bitterly regretted it. Being too near Pont-y-V—, however, to loiter, he again proceeded on his way, and had not gone above a quarter of a mile, before he met a sort of light covered cart, or rather a room on wheels drawn by two asses, and driven by a girl of about twelve years, who looked very angry, and very impatient. But as this chapter has run to some length, and we have occasion to lay down our pen, we will here conclude it.

CHAP. XIX.

Diggle's painful Situation.—He meets with Succour.—Returns to Pont-y-V—. — How uselessly Haverill employed himself.— The Effects of a General Conflagration. — A Stranger Introduced. — A Lucky Guess, or a Discovery in Medicine. — Letters.

LAME, wet, torn, and ragged, black, blue, and swollen, Mr. Diggle had so much the appearance of a beggar that the little driver, who sat whipping her steeds, conceived it would be very fine sport to add one splash more to his all-bespattered clothes; and the road being narrow, and Diggle having turned his face away to avoid having it recognized, she contrived to pin him up between the cart and the bank, and if she had not stopped to tell him how sorry she was, perhaps he might have received some serious injury, that would have deprived the world of the brightest

poetical star that has visited this lower Hemisphere for some ages, at least in his own opinion.

The travellers in the movable house immediately descended from their abode, and the man assisted Mr. Diggle to disengage himself. Indeed it was fortunate for that illustrious individual, that this man was actuated by so christian-like a spirit, for his foot was under the wheel, and might have been still worse crushed than it was, if it had not been carefully released.

This man, who gained his livelihood by the credulity of others, had acquired a facility in finding out his company, and judging rather by the good linen Mr. Diggle's neck displayed, than by the state of his lower garments, he supposed that he was not very poor. He therefore was a little lavish in his apologies for the awkwardness of his girl; and Diggle having been incapacitated from pursuing his journey on foot, he (the stranger) kindly

offered to convey him to Pont-y-V— in his vehicle.

To return to Pont-y-V was almost as bad as being left lame, in November, on a dirty road; but as the preservation of the individual was a duty, seeing that twelve o'clock had not struck, or had not brought with it the fiery wrath he had supposed almost inevitable, Mr. Diggle mounted the room on wheels, with the assistance of his new friend; and the girl, having received a severe reprimand, and strict orders to drive carefully, and jolt the lame man as little as possible, they began their journey to Pont-y-V—.

As they went slowly along, the poet had an opportunity of observing the curious box in which he was now, by the malice of fortune inclosed. In one corner was a very small stove for fire, and a flue; in the other a square wooden box, which served the purpose of a table externally, and which contained the whole stock in trade of its owner. A few iron kitchen

utensils adorned the walls on one side, and on the other was deposited the mattrass on which the inhabitants slept, and a blanket or two. It was lighted by a window at the end opposite the door, and a long box which held their provisions served for a seat.

The master of this curious apartment was a very thin, bony man, rather tall than short, with a long narrow face, a nose and chin exceedingly pointed. deep-set, small, round, light grey eyes, and a sallow complexion. His mouth was small, and having lost his upper teeth, sunk; and he never moved a muscle of his face so as to discompose a great gravity, which he had assumed so long, that it was become natural to him.

His wife was rather a pretty woman, about twenty years younger than himself, and though her dress was of the shabby genteel order, she neither appeared to want good manners nor intelligence. Perceiving that Diggle was in great pain,

she offered to examine his foot, saying that Doctor George Slanger had a specific for most things, and that perhaps they might do him some good. The Doctor nodded in approbation of his lady's proposal, and the foot of Diggle was rubbed with some opodeldoc, which the Doctor said was quite as efficacious as any thing he could make. Then the wound on his leg was looked at, and something applied to that, and as by this time the town of Pont-y-V— was in sight, the Doctor inquired where he would chuse to be set down.

This simple question puzzled Mr. Diggle much, for as noon was now certainly past, and as unhappily his prediction had not been verified, he feared more than any thing to shew his face in Pont-y-V—. Chusing rather to trust to his present conductors, than to the people of that place, he said, that he had left Pont-y-V— in the morning, to avoid seeing a person who was on the point of arresting him,

and that he would give the Doctor a pound note to allow him to stay in his carriage till night, when he might be able to leave it, and reach the house of a friend who would secrete him a day or two, till his foot was in a condition to travel again. To this proposal his conductors agreed, and he again entered the market-place of Pont-y-V—, and again saw the sign of the Cheese-toaster, in spite of the painful endeavours he had used to avoid both.

Mr. Haverill had hoped that he should be able to procure a post-chaise on the second of November, to convey him to C——, though he could not on the first, but Joan informed him, that not a boy would stir till past twelve o'clock, and having passed a very indifferent night, he tried to compose himself to sleep again. But the state of his own body and mind, added to that of the public body, prevented him; and as faithful biographers, we are bound to confess,

that this considerably increased his irritability, and of course his disorder. His mind dwelt upon every agonizing recollection, as if with renewed pleasure after the restraint it had suffered, and he more than once uttered his thoughts aloud, in tones that would have attracted the attention of the people in the house, if it had not been occupied by the expectation of the general conflagration.

"Weak and inefficient wretch," cried he, "then once more sickness snatches vengeance from thee; and when thy strength returns, some touch of love for those who have testified so little for thee, shall again unnerve thy arm. But this must not be, I will not die here unknown and leave my adversary to triumph; I must not suffer myself to die here — I must have assistance; I will write to H——, yes."

Haverill continued to think, to grieve, to form resolutions, and to change them, when the noise without encreased to

clamour, and he heard the name of Diggle repeated a thousand times, by more than twice a thousand tongues. He would have got up to see the scene, but he had determined to take care of himself, and he thought it more prudent to lie still. He rang many times for Joan, but Joan was among the mob, and he was obliged to content himself.

About half after one, he heard some one tap at his door, and fancying it was either Joan or her mistress, he called "Come in:" the person obeyed, and presented the identical figure of Doctor George Slanger.

"Good God! Sir, what does this intrusion mean?" cried Haverill: "How dare you enter my apartment?"

The Doctor, without replying, shut the door close, then advancing with much gravity to the bed, he took his hat from off his rather large, and well powdered wig, and made a profound bow,

"What do you want, Sir?" cried Haverill.

With much deliberation the Doctor took from his pocket a small parcel tied and sealed; and, putting on his spectacles, he read the direction, "To John Strange, Esq. at the Cheese-toaster, Pont-y-V—, ——shire;" and added, "Am I right, Sir? Are you the gentleman this is addressed to?"

"I am," said Haverill, snatching the parcel; "You brought it from the Rev. Mr. Budds, at C——. I thank you, Sir; and pray desire the landlady to pay you."

The Doctor made another low bow, but did not retire. He felt again in his pocket, and taking out a paper, at least a quarter of a yard long, he presented it to our hero, saying:

"Sir, this will sufficiently prognosticate to you the nature of my profession; and, as my method of examination is most easy and natural, and attended with no inconvenience to the patient, I trust that

you will not be deterred from consulting me. I perceive that you are not quite well; and, as I have been so fortunate to cure the Rev. Mr. Budds, who Your Honor doubtless knows——"

"Indeed, I do not," replied Haverill, interrupting him, and looking wishfully at his packet; "Indeed, I do not, and I have no need of medicine."

"No need, Sir!" cried the Doctor, "you will pardon me if I say that you have great need; you are ill, very ill, and if you would but consult me——"

"Sir!" cried Haverill fiercely, "I do not mean to consult you, or any body here."

"Pardon me, Sir; there you are wrong," interrupted the Doctor; "with me there is no trouble; you have nothing to do but to send me a little of your morning water fasting. I shall then prescribe with certainty for you."

"D—n your pertinacity, Sir," cried Haverill. "What! I suppose you would

send it me back again under the name of a saline, to be swallowed when going to bed.—I'm not thirsty, Mr. Quack."

A slight blush destroyed the sallowness of Dr. George Slanger's cheek, and a look of consciousness, his usual serenity. He was silent and thoughtful; and Haverill, beginning to untie his packet, desired him, in a milder tone, to retire, as he wished to have nothing to do with him or his waters. Still the man stopped; and Haverill asked him if he wished to be paid? "I told you the landlady would pay you," said he; "but if you can't find her, I'll do it myself;—pray reach me my breeches."

"Sir," said the Doctor, "did you ever see me before?"

"Never," replied Haverill; "and I wish to God I did not see you now!"

"Did you ever hear my practice spoken of then, that you supposed I could send back the water to its source?" said the Doctor.

Haverill had spoken at random; but,

from the manner in which this question was asked, he felt assured that he had by chance divined the right thing; and, to get rid of the man whose presence prevented him from reading letters of great interest, he replied,

"Yes, Sir, I know your practice well; and I can tell you, that unless you instantly quit my room I will expose you."

The man, who found his livelihood at stake, said calmly, that he should know how to wipe off such a slander; that he had practised on all the first personages in Europe; and, that he trusted a friend of the Reverend Mr. Budd's, who had been his patient many years, would not spread such a calumnious report. Haverill was out of patience; and, snatching up the vessel that contained the liquor so highly valued by Dr. George Slanger, he hurled it after that venerable gentleman, who, having perceived the design of our hero, left the room much less deliberately than he had entered it.

As soon as Mr. Haverill had driven out the enemy, he fastened his room door, and opened his letters. We will give them to the reader, Mr. Haverill having luckily preserved them.

LETTER I.

"My dear Friend,

"According to your wish, I send you a copy of the letter I received from the person. You will perceive that so far from having used means to free himself from the disease, he has increased it, relying on your known care. I went to town as agreed, and made all due inquiries; and the result of my investigation is, that on the 28th of October, there certainly was a disclosure, but of what kind has not transpired. I advise you to quit the country you are in: you will probably guess why, by the time this reaches you. When in town, I heard from a person intimate with the —— in ——, that

the Gros Diable has *wondered* your absence without leave was not noticed; you have exceeded your time. I do not ask you to come here, as I am aware I am watched, but how the devil *they* thought of me I cannot guess. Take care of your health, and if you have any return of the symptoms have recourse to my recipe. Budd is not trusted, so don't go near him — he never sees farther than his nose, and sight is his quickest sense — *verb. sap. sat est.* If you will meet me in town, I will tell you all I think, but I dare not say more now. Write what you will do, and put your letter in at C—.

"I am for a good strong dose without more delay.

"I inclose 40*l.* that you may not be stopped for that eternal plague. As usual, over head and ears in dirt.

"N. T."

LETTER II.

(A COPY.)

" To Dr. N. T.

" Sir,

" As I have not the honor to be known to you, excepting from the very slight mention Major ——— made of you, as a travelling friend, you will not wonder that I should feel extreme surprise at your making inquiries respecting family affairs, with which I conceive (no offence Sir to you or the Major) you have neither of you any concern.

" He has thought proper to absent himself at a very critical moment, and the consequences will be ruinous to him if he does not instantly resume the duties of his profession. Extraordinary interest in a certain quarter, and the friendship of the E— of —— whose connection with my family you know so well, has prevented any decisive step, but it cannot be long so. Besides all this produces much do-

mestic infelicity, and if, as I understand, you have an influence where it seems I have none, you would do well to use it, to do away all these threatened evils. Excuse my being more explicit. I am,

"Sir,

"Your very obedient,

"Most humble servant,

——— ———"

"The die is cast then!" said Haverill, returning the letters to their cover, "and I may, now I am able to move, — I may do myself justice. Oh! that cold-blooded man! No business? What, the very circumstance that fettered my hands at the moment, no business of mine! But I must not trust myself in the jaws of the monster. I will go to town, and Twentymen shall meet me there. I must however take a few days to recruit before I venture on the journey, and if the weather permits I will reconoitre! There cannot be danger in simply looking about.

Mr. Haverill then wrote a letter to his friend at H——, and put it under cover to Mr. Budd, at C—, desiring that gentleman, on the envelope, to have it put in the post immediately. He had now to seek a messenger, and conceiving his business to be of great importance, he dressed himself, and descended to see how affairs went on below stairs.

CHAP. XX.

A Tragi-comedy, or what mournful Scene Diggle saw from his Hiding-place. — A Mob. — Stirit's Curiosity. — The Conclusion of the Prophet's Adventure at Pont-y-V —.

THE interior of the Cheese-toaster was as still and silent as an hermitage, and Mr. Haverill passed through the house without meeting with a single individual. But at the door there was a numerous assemblage of all orders, some spectators, and some actors in a tragi-comedy about to be performed.

This was no other than the burning of Mr. Diggle by the infuriated populace of Pont-y-V —, or rather we should have said the burning of a straw man whom they had adorned with his name. It was nearly seven feet high, dressed in a coat of many colours, and holding a torch in

one hand. The head and face were enormously large, and the wag who had executed it, had affixed a huge pasteboard nose, that overshadowed its chin. The vicar, who was no friend to the Joannites, and who happened to be down, gave an old wig, to make the Prophet look venerable, and this was surmounted by a paper cap, similar to those the victims of the Inquisition wear, painted like flames, and with two long ass's ears.

When Haverill arrived on the spot, they had tied the victim to a stake, and he was surrounded with such combustibles ready for lighting, as Taffy could procure on the occasion. The shouts of the populace made the welkin ring; and it was observed that Mr. Justice Hellborough, who had been so wrought on by the prophecy, was particularly vociferous.

Not far from the door of the Cheesetoaster, stood the rolling house of Doc-

tor George Slanger; and several females who were anxious to see all the sport, had fixed themselves on various parts of its exterior, little dreaming that it contained within its narrow room, the body of the real Diggle, whose limbs were bedewed with a cold sweat, as he viewed through the window, his own execution, and who quaked with apprehension at every shake of the vehicle. The windows of the houses were filled with spectators, and as there was no other light but the glare of the torches and the small remains of day-light, the scene had a most imposing effect.

When all things were prepared, a number of squibs and crackers that had been made for the fifth of November, began the amusement, and a fellow with the word hangman painted on a board which he carried in one hand, affixed to a long pole, threw a flaming torch on the pile. The shouts were redoubled, and various epithets, too gross to be repeated

here, were bestowed on the poor victim, who answered never a word, but stood with the most perfect composure, while the flames slowly invaded his lower extremities.

As to the original Diggle, he blessed God and his stars a thousand times for his happy evasion, and would not have grumbled to have lost a limb, rather than have been exposed to the fury of the Pont-y-V — ites. He determined to stay in his present place of refuge, till this fury was overpast, and then to hie to the house of his friend Thomas, who he conceived must be alarmed at his absence.

Mr. Haverill was so amused with the scene, that he remained out to witness it, spite of the cold, not very prudently perhaps; but no man is wise at all times. He had advanced nearer the scene of action, when just before him he saw the figure and heard the voice of

Doctor Stirit, who was addressing the no less illustrious Doctor George Slanger.

"Who from? Budds did you say?" asked Stirit.

"Yes, truly, my old patient," replied the other.

"And what is his name?" said Stirit.

"Strange! John Strange, Esq. that was the label," answered George Slanger.

A fellow who was making his way to the Prophet, here separated Haverill from the pair of Esculapiuses; and what he had heard, made him doubt whether it would be safe to trust his letter to any messenger, knowing so well the nature of those he had to deal with; and he was perplexed and provoked, when his attention was called to the poor criminal at the stake, whose head had been filled with crackers and rockets, and who now fired away with uncommon spirit. Haverill heard in the crowd, that the dispenser of seals had been compelled to

refund, and glad to escape with whole bones, and that it was supposed Mr. Diggle had gone to C —, as he had made his way through the window of a summer-house. He felt, however, but little interest in the fate of Mr. Diggle, and himself being chilly, for the night was exceedingly cold, he retreated to his bed, and trusted to morning to furnish him either with a messenger or a post-chaise, which last, if he felt tolerable, he intended to occupy.

Though Mr. Haverill felt but little interest in the fate of the great Diggle, we trust that our readers are not quite so insensible, or so ungrateful for the amusement he has already afforded them, as to leave him to thaw and dissolve himself into a dew, without some slight wish to know how he was extricated or delivered from his hiding place.

And we look upon this as a very proper place and opportunity to introduce a discourse on gratitude; and if we can say

nothing new on the subject, at least to repeat over again all that has been said by moralists, poets, and philosophers, from the earliest period of recorded time to the present hour.

How great the advantage would be to ourselves, whatever it might be to our readers, all those unfortunate mortals who have commenced the trade of book making will easily determine; and some of them will perhaps accuse us of want of wisdom, in not filling our pages with quotations of approved and acknowledged merit, of weight, and of value, instead of merely copying the whims of our own fancy. To such, however, we beg to say, that in meddling with edged tools great care and some skill is necessary; and we have seen more than one author, who, like a pig swimming, has cut his own throat when he least intended to do so.

Some give you quotation after quotation, with so little discretion, that there is hardly an "and" interposed to keep

them from jostling one upon another. Others let you wade through a sea of troubles, till you are ready to give up in despair, and then slily pop a little verdant isle from Shakspeare or Milton, or some of those out-of-mode gentlemen; and others again, by way of alluring you on, place mottos of sterling worth at the heads of their chapters, often to the great disparagement and disadvantage of what follows. We ourselves are free to confess that we design to follow none of these plans, but shall content ourselves with describing facts that have fallen under our observation.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, the chief part of the mobility and nobility of Pont-y-V— had retreated either to their own homes or to Mrs. Puffin's, and one or two inferior houses of accommodation; and among the rest Doctor George Slanger (who lost no occasion of doing business) assembled at the Cheese-toaster. He did not however stay late, but prepared to ar-

range matters for the night; and recollecting the poor bird shut up in his cage, he went forth to deliver him, and ventilate his room, before he and his wife took possession of it.

Mr. Diggle, whose grief and mortification at the insults he had seen his representative suffer, could be equalled only by the pinchings of hunger in his stomach, the aching of his leg and foot, and the fear of what might befal him, was not unwilling to quit his place of refuge; but as a greater security in passing through the town, he purchased of Mrs. George Slanger a plaid cloak, which reaching hardly to his knees, made him perhaps the most remarkable figure that had been seen in Pont-y-V— for some time, his straw representative not excepted.

The only hindrance or insult he met with in passing from his nest to the door of Mr. Thomas, was a squib from an urchin, who was amused with the odd figure, whether of man or woman he

could hardly tell: it fixed upon his skirts, and burnt them; but this Diggle little cared for, he went as fast as he could in a limping pace, and reached the door of his friend.

It happened, unfortunately for him, that the family were gone to bed, and the maid who heard him tap, fancying that it was some one of the actors in the comedy of the evening, who was reeling home drunk, opened her window, and discharged upon his head the contents of a scent pot, which it was her duty to have emptied long before. Diggle stood in so happy a position, looking up towards the window he heard opening, that he received the whole contents in his face; and as soon as he could utter any sound but spitting and sputtering, he called loudly on his friend Mr. Thomas. That good man knew his voice, and hastened to admit him: he held his nose with one hand, and drew in his friend with the other; and the unlucky

wench who had thus scented him, was obliged to come down and help to wipe and clean him.

Great were the lamentations uttered by Mr. Thomas over the unfortunate Diggle; and he perfectly agreed with him in thinking that it would be adviseable for him to leave Pont-y-V— at present, as there was no knowing to what excess the vulgar might be excited by one or two malicious instigators! He undertook to send at an early hour in the morning for a post-chaise, to take him up at a certain place, as his house might be watched, and he furnished Diggle with an old military cloak that had been his grandfather's, and a cocked hat, in lieu of the garments spoiled by the golden shower.

In addition to these acts of friendship, the honest Welshman produced such good cheer as he had in the house, and sat down with the Poet to enjoy as much

as he possibly could, of his interesting conversation.

At length, about two o'clock, the friends separated, and Diggle, taking Mr. Thomas by the hand, addressed him as follows : —

" Accept, I beseech you, the ebullitions of my gratitude for your innumerable kindnesses ! Your friendship of the true kidney ! shewn when adversity had undermined and overwhelmed me ! had rendered me a very filth, a nuisance ! But rely upon it, Sir, you will not go unrewarded ! If my poor endeavours shall succeed, you shall be placed on the highest pinnacle of the Temple of Renown, the ornament, the glory, and at the same time, the envy of mankind!"

" Aye, aye, friend," replied Mr. Thomas, who began to smoke the Poet : " it's all very well, very well, it is. But do be easy, for I'm not so high-minded!"

" Another virtue !" exclaimed Diggle, " the constellation will be too dazzling.

Happily for you, the genius of your Poet shall do you justice."

"I don't doubt that," said Thomas, "I don't doubt that; and now let me give you a bit of advice. Stick to poetry, that's harmless; but never try your hand at a prophecy again. Lord! Lord! you've made but bad work of it this time. The next, perhaps, they may saw you in two, or harrow you to death, or crucify you, or flay you, or put you in a furnace, or tor —"

"By the sacred Johanna!" interrupted Diggle, "you make my flesh creep on my bones, and my marrow harden within them! I am at the same time Isaiah! Jeremiah! St. Andrew, St. Bartholomew, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego! and Tantalus, Sysyphus, and Ixion! I have a hundred lives, and each torn from me with tortures too horrid for the heart of man to name, or the tongue of man to conceive! and I wish that this feeling, sensation, or foreboding, may not foretel—

"Good God, and St. David to boot," cried Thomas, "don't foretel any more, for fear you should have something to tell afterwards, not quite so sweet."

This attempt at wit on the part of his friend, silenced Mr. Diggle, for he was mortified to find his flaming speech had made so little impression; he wished his host good night, and reposed till between six and seven the next morning, when he left the house of Mr. Thomas, and without meeting with any accident, entered a post chaise that was ready for him at the end of a back lane on the road to C—. It was beginning to snow rather seriously, and this was a sufficient reason for his muffling himself up in his military cloak, and hurrying into the post chaise; as he was about to draw up the window, he saw the figure of a man on the road before him, and in a suppressed voice he bid the boy drive him to the Rev. Mr. Budd's, at C—. "Budds! Budds!" cried the boy,

and crack went his whip. Diggle feeling himself safe, was soon asleep, and so for the present we will leave him.

CHAP. XXI.

Mr. Haverill leaves the Cheese-toaster, and journies in the Snow. – The Adventure of the Cottage. — His Reception — he receives a new Name. — Observations on dead Heroes and Heroines.

CONTRARY to his usual custom, Mr. Haverill slept late the morning following the execution of Diggle, and while he ate his breakfast, he considered within himself what would be the wisest plan to pursue. He was not long in determining to go instantly to H— to his friend Dr. Twentymen, and to run the risk of a relapse.

The recollection of the inquiries he had heard Dr. Stirit make of the quack, filled him with a most unpleasant suspicion that he was watched, and he determined in his own mind, that it would be better

to go any other way than to C—. He thought from the little knowledge he had gained of the course of the country, that there must be a passable road a little to the left of C—, which would take him to a market-town, where he could sleep, and from whence he could go by easy stages to H—; determining to try whether there was or not, he rung for his landlady and asked if he could have a chaise.

"Good Lord! yes your Honor," answered Mrs. Puffin, "vor sure you can, but I hope your Honor is not going far, vor the snow do come down, Lord bless me! as if Plinlimmon was a shaking his head. And besides it be now two o'clock, and the boy won't be ready this half-hour. But where vould your Honor chuse to have the chay to?"

"To C—," said Haverill. "C— is your nearest stage on the ——— road, I think?"

"Yes, your Honor, it bay, for Abnanty is about.—It is nine and a half to Ab-

nanty, it lay wide to the left. It turn at Peter Finger, and go behind the hill. But Lord, Sir, this snow will shit up the roads soon, I never saw sich a snow so serus so soon. Dr. Stirit did say last night that it would shit up the roads."

"Doctor who?" said Haverill.

"Doctor Stirit, your Honor, as was here last night, and went away again to Rhanvellyn," said Mrs. Puffin.

Haverill having settled all his business, that is, paid his bill and loaded his pistols, stepped into the chaise, not at the door of the Cheese-toaster, but at the turning of the street, where he called at a linen-draper's to buy a handkerchief to tie round his neck. He was more than once tempted to return, but he thought that there would be day-light and moon-light, and he determined to take care of the boy at Abnanty, and send him back in the morning.

When he came to a turning in the road (that the landlady had called Peter's

Finger) he called to the boy, and ordered him to take that road instead of the road to C—. It was with some difficulty that he was prevailed upon, as he said one part of it was so steep he knew the poor horses would never get through.

Haverill had been used to command, and could less brook contradiction at this moment than almost any other; he ordered the boy to proceed in a voice that would not be disobeyed, and they went along at a pace that promised to bring them to their journey's end about midnight, if at all. The evening came on, and Haverill began to think he had better have gone to C—, than trusted to an unknown road. His driver came to a place where the road branched off in two directions, and took the widest path, that which was rather on the ascent than otherways; and as the part they were approaching seemed woody, Haverill began to fear that the way would terminate in some private residence; a thing to him

very unpleasant, as he did not wish to become known to any body in the neighbourhood.

In about five minutes they came to within hearing of a waterfall, and the boy said that he would go no further, as he had mistaken the way, and he knew that was the devil's wheel at work. Haverill now considered that if any house was near, it would be better for him to take shelter in it, than go back to Pont-y-V—, and he asked the boy if he could find his way back again. The boy said the horses would do that without him.

"Is there a house near?" said Haverill.

"I believe there may," said the boy, "but I don't know the land here."

While Haverill was hesitating, he heard a dog bark in the direction he had fancied he should find a habitation, and preferring any thing to returning, he gave the boy some money, assisted him to turn his horses round, and strapping his portman-

teau on his back, he turned short to the left in a sort of opening in the wood, towards the spot the sound came from. He began to find that he was descending rapidly; and the snow fell so thick, that he was more than once apprehensive that this would be his last campaign, and the snow his winding sheet.

During his illness he had often declared life was not worth preserving; but now, when he had nothing to do but to lie down and fall asleep, he seemed of another opinion, and he made efforts far above his strength, to avoid a catastrophe he had wished for a hundred times within the last two months. Such is human nature!

After a long walk, at least so it appeared to him, he arrived at a high wall, which he conjectured to be the wall of a garden. It was in vain that he sought for a door, or other entrance; his strength began to fail, and he was nearly exhausted, when he bethought him of his pistols;

he fired one, and was glad to hear that it had again rouzed the dog, who barked furiously. Supposing that human as well as canine ears might have heard him, he called as loud as he could for help, and it was not long before two men, with a lanthorn, appeared coming round a corner of the wall. They were armed with a pitchfork and a poker, and were proceeding to interrogate Haverill, who was white over with snow, when the necessity for exertion being over, he fell senseless at their feet.

"By the Lord, he is dead!" said one to the other; "and we had better go back, and leave him, poor devil!"

"Yees, Yees," replied the other; "that may be the Welsh way; but, dang I, 'tis not the English, so we'll drive him in, let him be friend or foe. Come, highen him! Gee, Gee! Here Patty, come out, and take the lanthorn, and make haste, and stir your stumps, for the snow do fall at full speed."

The girl, who was approaching, took the lanthorn and the arms, *videlicet*, the 'pitchfork and poker; and the men raised Haverill, and carried him into a cottage, where they deposited him on the floor, before a good fire.

A consultation was then held on the expediency of stripping the poor man; and it being thought most advisable to do so, the good woman of the house unstrapped his portmanteau, untied his handkerchief and cravat, and, with the assistance of her daughter, took off his coat and his boots, while the husband reached out a bottle of rum; and, after taking a glass himself, and giving the companion of his labours another, he attempted to put a little into the mouth of our hero. This, however, was found impracticable; for his teeth were firmly closed, and the wife declared, as she rolled him in a blanket, that she believed nothing would ever go in there any more, or bring the soul of him back again.

"Here, Patty, my dear; rub his poor legs, my child, and I'll try if he's any life at the heart. I've heard as the *hartshurn*, I think they call it, will bring back life to the heart, as its name sheweth; but I've not a drap of it, or I'd rub it on the place the name sheweth it were made for."

One of the men now said, he dared to say his lady had some, for she carried physic about with her; but, for his part, he never before knew why that stuff was called hartshorn. "One may live and *layrne*," said he; "and it's comical that I should a come into Wales to layrne why the hartshorn was made."

He then went out; and, in about ten minutes, returned, followed by two ladies, the younger of whom carried a small case of phials, with various contents, and the elder, wrapped up in a plaid, leaned on the arm of a woman-servant. She felt his pulse; and, perceiving that animation was about to return, she directed the wo-

man to rub some hartshorn upon his heart, while she herself chafed his temples, and the girl continued to rub his feet and legs.

It was not long before he sighed deeply, and she then put a little brandy in his mouth, which had relaxed from its firm position of defiance; and, looking earnestly at him, she recognized him.

"Ah! my dear Anarella!" said she, in French; "see what fate is! I was struck with the countenance of this poor creature, and already felt an interest for him, when, behold, he is sent to be my inmate! Well, we must use him courteously; and, if he be my fate, as at my age there is no saying nay with impunity, I must try to make the best of an indifferent bargain."

Miss St. Arno (for it was she herself) returned no answer to her aunt's speech: she stood contemplating the face of Mr. Haverill, and watching the return of life; and he looked so very different to the

person who had thrown her from him on the stairs at Pont-y-V—, that she could hardly persuade herself he was the same. His head, now divested of the black wig, appeared of the finest form, and thinly covered with brown hair, which curled naturally. His throat was beautiful, and his countenance, now softened, had an expression of sweetness, of which Miss St. Arno would not have thought it susceptible. Indeed, his mouth was exceedingly beautiful; and Miss St. Arno, contemplating him with the eye of an artist, exclaimed, "It is the young Hercules!"

"Who did her Ladyship say the gentleman was, ma'am," whispered the woman of the house to Mrs. Dunn.

Mrs. Dunn was one of those people who cant't, for their lives, say they don't know; and who, without any design to propagate lies, give a great deal of information that is not true. Thinking that she had now heard in English, the secret of what her mistress had said to her

niece in French, she was glad of an opportunity of telling it again, and replied in a whisper, "He's the young Urkles! a rich *Erefardsher* squire."

Perfectly satisfied with this information, the woman seeing him open his eyes, and thinking the attack on his heart might be suspended, asked Mrs. St. Arno if Mr. Urkles had not better be put to bed?

"Mr. *who*," said the old Lady.

"Mr. Urkles, my Lady, I think the young Lady did name him," replied Mrs. Taffle.

"By all means," said Mrs. St. Arno; "go Dunn and air the bed in the room next mine, and the men shall bring Mr. Urkles, for I hope now he may be moved." Then turning to her niece, she said in French, that as chance, or she had bestowed a name on her Knight, and one of no small renown, he might as well retain it till he chose to communicate his own; to which Anarella with a smile assented.

Mr. Haverill's recollection began now

to return, and he looked vacantly round at his companions. His eye dwelt for a moment on Miss St. Arno, as if there was some association respecting her in his mind, but he turned away his head in a way that shewed it was not pleasing, and gave Anarella an opportunity of admiring one of the prettiest ears in the world. He sunk back on the shoulder of Mrs. Taffle who was supporting him, and it was with some difficulty that Mrs. St. Arno administered to him a small glass of brandy. As soon as he could be moved, she had him rolled in a blanket, and made the men carry him across a small garden to the Rose Cottage, where the coachman and Mrs. Taffle put him to bed; while Miss St. Arno prepared his supper, as she conjectured that he wanted support, and hoped he might be able in the course of an hour or two to take something nourishing.

As he is at present in such good hands, and in all human probability likely to re-

cover, we will take the opportunity of concluding our chapter; assuring our readers that they cannot possibly have been more anxious for his resuscitation than we have been, for what would have become of our second and succeeding volumes if he had died in this critical juncture, we are at a loss to imagine. We do indeed recollect, that an ingenious French authoress, whose works are deservedly admired, has a dead woman for her heroine, and piques herself with very great reason on the originality of the idea, asserting that it was a thought that had not occurred to any other but herself; and probably she was in the right; at least no other had been bold enough to produce it to the world. It must be confessed, the dead lady makes no small noise, and is as active and as punctual in her visits, as any living heroine could be, and the whole is very astonishing, and out of the common course of things; but as we should despair of succeeding with a dead, a defunct hero,

seeing we have not the imagination of that lovely part of the creation, who, as some one says, carry more sail than ballast, we shall content ourselves with a living one, and keep him alive as long as we can, both for our own pleasure and satisfaction, and (we hope) that of our readers.

CHAP. XXII.

What passed in Haverill's Room — and a Conversation between the Ladies, containing Anecdotes of Lovers and others.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock, before Haverill was able to take any nourishment, and when he recovered his recollection he was surprised to find himself in a neat room, with a good fire, and an old lady seated in a great chair by his bed side.

Mrs. St. Arno perceived that he was at a loss to account for his situation, and looking at him with a countenance young with benevolence and animation, though a little wrinkled with age, she addressed him thus:

" Don't alarm or puzzle yourself, Sir, about your present situation. You were found apparently lifeless at my gate, and

and my people have put you to bed. I assure you that you shall have every attention your present weakness renders necessary, and I have only to beg, that you will ask for whatever you want, and not fear to give trouble."

Haverill gazed earnestly at her, as if to recollect where he had seen her; and then said, "this from a woman too!"

Mrs. St. Arno took no notice of this wild exclamation; but ringing the bell, she desired Dunn to tell Miss St. Arno the gentleman would take some broth. Mrs. Dunn asked whether Mr. Urkles would have biscuit or bread, and being told "*both*," she left the room. She soon returned with a basin of broth, and another of arrowroot, followed by Anarella, with a bottle of Madeira and a wine-glass; and Mrs. St. Arno assisting Dunn to raise Haverill, and prop him up with a pillow, asked which he would chuse to take. He returned no answer, but fixed his eye with a look of displeasure on Ana-

rella; and that young lady, perceiving that her appearance discomposed him, gave the basin she held to her aunt, and with a little feeling of mortification, retired to the fire-side.

"I never heard of any thing like it in my life," said she to herself, while her aunt fed the passive Haverill. "I never saw any thing like this man! What, am I all of a sudden become so hideous, that he cannot look at me without shuddering," (at the same time viewing her really pretty face in the glass), "not I indeed! I never looked better in my life. Hang the man, I shall hate him, and that would be wrong, as my aunt would say, we should hate nobody! I won't go near him again, I'm determined!"

"Anarella, my love; bring a glass of Madeira," said Mrs. St. Arno.

Anarella's humanity would not let her refuse; so she again approached the bed of Haverill, and at her aunt's request, held the wine to his mouth. He turned

his head away, and made a motion with his hand, that signified a refusal.

"Give it to me, my dear," said Mrs. St. Arno; "I fear you are awkward. Come, Sir, pray swallow this, it will help you to sleep."

Haverill looked up; he no longer saw Miss St. Arno, and he drank the wine, and shortly after fell into a slumber. Mrs. St. Arno then ordered Mrs. Dunn to mend the fire and take her place by its side for the night. She bid her give the gentleman some arrowroot, if he awoke; and she told her to call her if he should be worse. Having given these directions, she and her niece retired, and left Dunn in the great chair, where she soon fell so soundly asleep, that no small noise would have been necessary to rouse her.

When the two ladies reached their own apartment, they looked at one another, and both exclaimed at once, "what do you think?"

"Nay, what do *you* think, my dear?" said Mrs. St. Arno.

"I think I'm grown very hideous!" said Anarella; "if not, why should the man hate to look on me? I'm sure it's very —"

"Very what, my dear? very provoking?" asked the aunt.

"No," said Anarella, laughing, "not provoking exactly; but it is not fair play. When I had changed my opinion of the man's outside, that he should retain his of mine. He certainly must be a little mad."

"What, because he does not admire you, my dear?" said Mrs. St. Arno, "you must not expect to meet a Jarrener every where."

"Oh, a disagreable, fulsome creature! he sickened me of admiration," said Miss St. Arno.

"Not quite, my dear, I think," replied the aunt.

"Yes, quite, indeed; quite," said Miss

St. Arno, "and I wish, with all my heart, that his father had lived these hundred years, and then the young Jar—"

"Meaning him a gander?" asked the aunt.

"With all my heart," replied Miss St. Arno, "what you will, for he is my detestation."

"I believe not," said the aunt, "and now that we have by accident touched on the subject, I must tell you what I wish."

There was a seriousness in Mrs. St. Arno's tone, that made the young lady stare and blush, and while she was curling her hair, she listened in silence to her aunt.

"I wish, my dear, that you would revise, and correct," continued Mrs. St. Arno. "I wish you would look back to the manner in which you used that young man. At one time, you certainly encouraged his attentions; and I was glad to see that you did; for through all his

foppish nonsense, I perceived a fund of goodness, and even of good sense, of a particular cast, 'tis true, that I think, by proper management, might produce a harvest of happiness. The man is not a fool; he has good humour, and a good fortune; he certainly loves you, better perhaps, than you deserve, after the way you have chosen to serve him in, and my dear girl, I wish to see you married."

"Don't say so, my dear aunt," interrupted Miss St. Arno, "don't say so, I shall think I have offended you."

"No child, you have not offended me, though I own I wish you had not encouraged Jarrener as you did." "I beg pardon for interrupting you so often, my dear aunt," said Miss St. Arno, "but as you now make a serious charge against me, allow me to reply to it seriously."

"I wish you would," said the aunt.

"The first time I saw Mr. Jarrener, or as he detests to be called, Doctor Jarrener, you will remember Ma'am was at

Mrs. Fuzman's, at Weymouth," said the niece. "I never shall forget it as long as I live. At the upper end of the drawing-room stood the sopha table covered with bits of broken stones, pots, chains, knives, shells, bones, and in the centre a human skull. The Doctor, seated on the music stool that cracked under his weight, held in his hand a miserable dried cat, that had been starved to death between a wainscot and a wall; and that, to tell the truth, was enough to make one sick. The lovely Miss Fuzmans were one on each side of him, listening with open mouths and vacant eyes to a dissertation on starving to death; while the widow Fuzman herself had fallen asleep in her chair, and was playing dot and go one to his periods."

"Yes, I remember, my dear," said the aunt, "and I recollect too the stare of poor Jarrener, when he saw your laughing eyes, and the look of horror you exhibited at the cat."

"Ha! ha! ha! he threw puss down upon a paper shell, for which Monimia Fuzman had given two pence that morning," said Anarella, "and the young lady looked so maliciously angry, that poor Jar was ridiculously distressed. He said he was penetrated with sensible sorrow at her vituperative glance, but he would send her half a dozen the next morning. The pretty Miss Fuzman, Miss Louanna, I think they call her, said that was right; and the mama waking up, cried, 'One are not one's-self at all times! Ha! ha! ha!"

"They were a ridiculous party to be sure," said the aunt, "but you must own Jar was the best of them."

"He was," replied Anarella, "he afforded me more amusement than any of them; for, as he told me afterwards, the electric fluid from Cupid's battery, finding its way to his heart, induced a sort of vertigo in his head, and rising to pay his compliments, he trod on the toe of Miss

Monimia Fuzman, who gaped wider than usual, and told him, while the tears ran down her face, that it did not *matter!* Ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, but my dear Satirica, what has all this to do with your treatment of Jarrener?" asked the aunt. "A great deal," replied Anarella. "Jarrener was then wavering between Miss Fuzman, who rolls her little pug nose round, and moves her whole skull, at least, the skin and hair that cover it, in a most surprising manner, to say nothing of the twitching of her mouth and blinking of her eyes —"

"Aye," interrupted the aunt, "there's madness in the family, that is a sure indication of it."

"Well," continued the niece, "he was hesitating between her and her gawky sister Monimia, who sucks her tongue, and twirls her white locks by the hour together; when I made my appearance at W—, and he suddenly quitted the Miss

Fuzmans and their forty thousand a-piece, to torment me with his long words, and his ridiculous passion.

"I like something to laugh at; who does not? and I was amused with the novelty of his character. Then I saw very plainly that the widow Fuzman hated me, as she does every thing with information or wit, in however small a proportion, and Miss Gawky Fuzman said that I was the cause of the shell being broken; and the more angry they were at Jar's attention to me, the more amusing it was. Before we had been a week at W—, he told me that he was saturated with my excellencies; that we were the meteors of the place, that there was chemical affinity between us, and that he was fully persuaded Fate intended us for each other. 'To laugh at,' said I. 'No, phosphoretic splendor,' said he,—'to love.' I then assumed a different tone, and with as determined and as cool an air as I could put on, I assured him, that

neither in jest nor earnest would I ever be his partner in such a scheme; and I fairly gave him notice, that if he encouraged such an idea, it would be at his own peril. He then went to you; he talked, I suppose, intelligibly to you, and intelligently too, and I was again obliged to say the rude thing. After that, no dog could be worse used than I used him, during our stay at W—; and you know I always afterwards refused to dance or walk with him. But I could not forbid him your house, and while you continued to receive him, I was compelled to hear his nauseous stuff. And now, my dear aunt, am I so much to blame? If the man would have let me alone, I should never have sought him, I'm sure: and I think nothing can be so disgusting, as the stuff men talk in general to us poor women. I'm sure, I'm heartily tired of it; and hope, if ever I am married, it will be to a dumb man!"

"All this is highly colored, my dear," said the aunt, "and situated as you are, it would be well for you to have a protector. Your father's new connexions are so very degrading, that you cannot consider him at all efficient in that character, and I am your last female relative. I wish you would not laugh the men out of the field, but consider seriously of making some of your admirers happy."

"I never shall as long as they say sweet things to me," replied Anarella, "I should sooner like a man who disliked me."

"Ah! traitress!" said the old lady, laughing, "don't think of falling in love with my unknown knight, who is the Lord knows who!"

"I hope I shall never fall in love," said Anarella, warmly, "I am ashamed of the follies my sex commit under the pretence of being in love. If I meet with a man who has good sense enough

not to flatter me, who will see and forgive my faults, and treat me like a rational being, not a spoiled baby, or an insignificant flirt; if such a man will ask me to plague him for forty or fifty years, I believe I may consent, and I dare say should make a very good wife as the world goes; but if not, I'll e'en live single, and like Swift, have it said of me when I am dead, that I

> " ——— gave all I had
> To build a house for fools and mad;
> To shew by one satiric touch,
> No nation wanted it so much."

"I should not scold you, I think, as I have brought you up," said the aunt, "you are a dear, saucy girl, and I have done with Jarrener for ever. But I wonder who this guest of ours is, Anarella. I see he is a gentleman in his appearance and manners, but I long to know who it is we harbour."

"He's a disagreeable man, though

handsome and genteel," replied Anarella. "I think he is a little mad."

"Or very wretched," said the aunt: "but good night, love; we shall see how he is in the morning."

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the curious Adventures that happened in Mr. Haverill's Room, and Mrs. St. Arno's extraordinary Conduct.

It was not much before six o'clock the next morning, when the ladies were awakened by a loud laugh from the adjoining apartment. Mrs. St. Arno began to fear that her niece was right, and that the unknown gentleman was a maniac. Under this impression, she thought it no breach of honor to listen to his soliloquy, and in spite of the dissuasions of Anarella, she got out of bed, put on a flannel dressing-gown, and taking a lamp that she had in her room, in her hand, she entered the apartment.

All there was as still as she could wish, for the watcher and the watched were equally buried in profound sleep;

the fire was out, and the rushlight at its last gasp. The good lady began to fancy that she and her niece must have been mistaken, when Haverill again laughed, but it seemed to be in bitterness, and he cried, "cruel and inconsiderate; you knew it!" This was followed by a deep groan, that penetrated the heart of Mrs. St. Arno, who was of a very compassionate disposition. Haverill spoke again, as if muttering between his teeth.

"Yes, woman, blasted for ever!" Then, after a pause, he added; "make haste, I live but for that!" He then turned round on his bed, and Mrs. St. Arno, fearful of waking him, retreated.

"He is not mad," said she, "but nearly so, Anarella, and probably has suffered some sudden reverse of fortune, or some disappointment in love, which now that his frame is weakened, preys upon his mind, and agitates him in his sleep. I dare say, love is the cause of

this, and probably you may resemble the lady whose heart he has lost; that will account for his disliking to look at you.

"Indeed I can't tell, aunt." said Anarella, "but I wish he would not disturb us in this way. You'll get your death of cold! how severe the weather is."

They composed themselves to sleep again, and would probably have enjoyed some comfortable repose, if the screams of Mrs. Dunn had not alarmed them. Both ladies got up, and in their dressing gowns hastened to the apartment. They found Mrs. Dunn lying senseless on her back across Mr. Haverill, who held her by the throat, and still asleep, said in a low voice, "Thy groans excite no pity! how should they?"

Mrs. St. Arno gave the lamp to Anarella, and in endeavouring to release her maid, she awoke her guest, who looked pale and haggard, and as if he had just suffered some extraordinary agitation.

Large drops of sweat stood on his forehead, and he trembled exceedingly.

Anarella lifted Dunn, who was a little woman, off the bed, and conveyed her into her own room, where Mrs. St. Arno, after giving Haverill a little sal volatile, followed her. She soon came to herself, and protested that she knew not how she came there. When told that she had been taken from the stranger's bed, she said he must be the devil then, for she had sat watching him all night, and never stirred out of the great chair, and when her mistress told her that she had seen her asleep, she took God to witness that she had never closed her eyes till she fainted.

"I fancy it would be more difficult to cure Dunn than her patient," said Mrs. St. Arno, and having made the poor creature swallow a glass of wine, she ordered her to light a candle, and Anarella attended her to her own room, to see her safely in bed.

But in the morning a more serious

cause of alarm than any that had yet occurred, gave the ladies great concern. The snow which had continued to fall during the night, had drifted considerably, and the communication between Rose Cottage and Pont-y-V— was quite cut off. The farmer was obliged to clear a way across the garden, before he could bring the milk for breakfast; and he consoled the family by telling them, that the like happened three years before, when the family were kept prisoners three weeks, and at last a sudden thaw brought a flood, and the water stood in the parlor three feet deep.

"It is a bad prospect, my dear," said Mrs. St. Arno, "but I am most grieved for this poor young man, who will certainly want medical aid."

"If Jarrener was his man," said Anarella, "I should say it was all in his favor, but at present it is certainly very distressing. Bless me! I wish we were out of this punch bowl! see how it snows again.

Why we shall be overwhelmed, and forced to dig our way out."

"It looks very serious," said the aunt, "and we must, like people in a besieged town, husband our stores. It is lucky that the butcher supplied us yesterday, and that we laid in our other things for the whole time we proposed staying. The wind is in the same quarter, I see, and if the snow drifts more, the road may be impassable for weeks."

"What a horrid idea!" said Anarella. "Well we must submit, I suppose, and for amusement we will make our unknown tell us his history." Anarella then went to make breakfast, and her aunt to visit her guest.

When Mrs. St. Arno paid her morning visit to our hero, she found him perfectly collected, but very low and exhausted. He thanked her politely for her attention to him; and said he believed the fatigue he had suffered had produced an attack of fever that had affected his brain.

"Don't however fancy, Madam, that I am dangerous," said he, with a melancholy smile; "I have been very ill lately; a brain fever, I believe, was my complaint; and I am not yet, you see, out of danger of a relapse. I hope to-morrow to be able to remove," continued he; "and exceedingly regret the trouble I have, and, I fear, must occasion you."

Mrs. St. Arno then told him the state of the weather, and the probability that he must be a prisoner some days. "My niece and myself, Sir, will be happy to contribute to your recovery," continued she; "and we do not doubt that you will render our intercourse more agreeable by favouring us with your name."

Haverill changed color several times; and, after a pause, said: "I am aware, fully aware, Madam, of the propriety of your demand. You have a right to know to whom you extend your hospitality; and these are not times to entertain strangers without some security for their re-

spectability. I could tell you my name was Smith, or Brown; and you, relying on my honor, would credit me: but I will not deceive you. I have reasons for concealing my real name; reasons produced, I am proud to say, by the villainy of others, and my own credulity, not by my own errors. I am an unhappy man, with blighted fortunes and withered hopes; but I am not without respectable connexions. Do you know Dr. Twentymen of H—— ?"

"Not personally," replied the Lady; "but I have frequently heard him highly spoken of."

"He knows my whole unhappy story, Madam," continued Haverill; "and I was on my way to him, when, by the post-boy having taken the wrong road, I was driven to seek shelter here."

"Well, Sir," replied Mrs. St. Arno, after a short silence; "I am aware that there may be many situations in which concealment becomes necessary. There

are two very good reasons why you should not confide in me, — I am a stranger, and a woman; and, taking this into consideration, and estimating rightly, I think, your candid manner of telling me you cannot be candid, I leave you at liberty to say by what name you would wish to be called."

"Call me what you please, Ma'am; any thing to satisfy your household," said Haverill; "I am quite indifferent about it."

"My woman has taken it into her head, that your name is Hercules," said Mrs. St. Arno smiling; "and, therefore, if you please, you may be so called."

"Hercules!" echoed Haverill.

"You have no objection?" asked the Lady.

"No, none, Ma'am, Hercules be it!" said Haverill.

Mrs. St. Arno then said "that her niece, Miss St. Arno, would send up his breakfast; and that, if any thing her medicine

chest contained would be of use to him, shè begged him to mention it."

The unfortunate Dunn, now recovered from her fright, was ordered to carry up Mr. Hercules's breakfast; but she positively refused, saying that she had been twice in a room with men since she came into Vales; and she knew it was a trick of the devil, so she should 'ware the third time. The coachman was then employed; and he waited on Mr. Hercules with great good will, as he took him for a gentleman, and expected to have a reward for having picked him out of the snow. He took care, while he waited in the room, to acquaint Mr. Hercules that it was he who had saved his life; and he related a conversation between the farmer and himself, that, if it had really taken place, would have given the man in the snow time to shiver his last.

To all this Mr. Hercules was less attentive than perhaps he ought to have been, and as he placed his cup on the

tray, he asked if the lady's name was St. Arno.

"Yes, sure," Starno, sure, Starno," replied Broadhead. "A dear good lady she is; I do know but of von fault she have; she don't stay in a place. But that's to please Miss."

Haverill then said he thought he should sleep, and begged he might not be disturbed till he rang; and Broadhead having closed the shutters, left him to his repose.

As repose is not less necessary to ourselves than to our hero, we will now relax from our labours; and trusting to the inspiration of a new day, deposit our pen on the inkstand, and retire for the night.

CHAP. XXIV.

Which contains various Particulars that may be seen on Inspection.

THERE is perhaps nothing that contributes more to the comfort of an invalid of our sex, than feeling that we are under the care and guardianship of a good and amiable female nurse; and though Mr. Haverill had conceived a disgust, amounting almost to a thorough dislike of women, excepting in the office of a domestic drudge; he could not avoid feeling the influence of such a character as that of Mrs. St. Arno.

"She is a superior minded being," said he to himself, "I'm sure she is. Instead of testifying the impatient, ravenous curiosity to know my concerns, that almost all other women would; she generously believed me an honest man on my bare word, and with a manly frankness told me so.

But she is one of another race; not like the flippant—would that were all! I should not then be the thing I am. My arrival here, at a time when I could not, on account of the weather, have reached H—, is providential; and if my fever does not return to-night, I will try to overcome my repugnance to see the niece, or any thing that resembles that woman in her bloom. Common civility and common gratitude require this painful effort, and it shall be made. It will do me good too, for I have given way to the weakness consequent on my sufferings; the mind wants bracing as well as the body, and here nothing but the sight of that beautiful — syren shall I call her? Yes, they are all syrens — the old story, nothing else can possibly remind me, what a wretch I am."

With this new turn of thought, and train of ideas, Mr. Haverill fell asleep, and it was not till near evening that he awoke. He felt better, but thought it would not

be prudent to quit his room, as he had perspired a good deal, and the day was exceedingly cold. He rang his bell, and requested that he might have a fire lighted, as he wished to get up while his bed was made. This request was instantly complied with; and when Patty had made a good fire, Broadhead brought a large blanket, ready aired, to wrap round him as he sat in the great chair. He likewise performed the office of his valet, and having made him completely comfortable, at least as far as depended on his exertions, he delivered Mrs. Starno's compliments to Mr. Arkles, and begged to know whether he would take his chicken now or after he was in bed.

Mrs. St. Arno's humane care to provide for him such food as she thought best suited to his situation, though what he might naturally expect, was pleasing to Haverill, and he returned a polite message, expressing his regret at not being

able to wait on the ladies, but hoping that in the morning he should feel well enough to venture down.

While he was eating his dinner, Patty, who waited on him, gave him a dismal account of the depth of the snow, which had again begun to fall; and assured him that it would be three weeks or a month before any carriage could pass to Pont-y-V—.

This was not at all agreeable intelligence to Haverill, whose ideas all tended to one point, and who found his designs suddenly checked by this detention; but he recollected the state of his health, and again congratulated himself on having fallen into the hands of a woman of some mind and cultivation, rather than into those of mere peasants; and this train of thought, the only pleasing one he had entertained during the last six weeks or thereabout, (for we do not speak to a day,) was very salutary to him.

He was no sooner comfortably deposit-

ed in his bed, than Mrs. St. Arno sent her compliments, and begged to know whether a visit from her would be agreeable or not, and she appeared immediately after receiving his answer.

" I fear, Sir," said she, " you will think me a troublesome old woman, thus to intrude upon you ; but my domestics, though very well-meaning creatures, are not very intelligent ; and I am anxious to know that you have every thing that this poor cottage can afford you."

" I have every thing, Madam, that I can possibly wish or desire," said Haverill, " except the power to thank you as I ought."

" O dear ! Sir, that does not signify," replied the good Lady ; " I am a sort of a witch, and know by the eye what people think."

" Then I am contented !" said Haverill, " for my eye will, I hope, be more eloquent than my tongue could possibly be."

"I think you judged wisely not to come down, Sir," said the Lady; "it is very cold, and our walls not very thick; and I am sorry to say that the snow seems determined to make us all prisoners here for some time." "I fear," continued she gravely, "that you will find our society irksome; for I perceive you prefer that of your own sex; but, as I like explicitness, I must tell you that my niece and I have been arranging our affairs so as not to annoy you."

Haverill looked earnestly at her, but gave no answer.

"Our house is but small, as you may perceive, Sir," continued Mrs. St. Arno; "but we have two sitting rooms; and to-morrow you will take possession of one, where we shall not intrude upon you; and I hope you will consider yourself quite at liberty (indeed you will do us a pleasure) to join us in ours whenever you feel yourself equal to encountering two females."

Haverill, conscious of the strangeness of his behaviour to the niece, felt as if there was an implied reproach in this arrangement; and, as if fearful that the aunt should perceive the displeasure this raised in him, (for he did not like the scheme, though he would, five minutes before, have said he should like it,) he put his hand over his eyes, and remained silent.

"My coachman," continued the Lady, not appearing to observe him, "is a willing fellow; he will now have little business out of doors, as you may divine by the state of the roads; and if you will instruct him, I dare say he may become no despicable valet; and your linen, the farmer's wife who made your bed, will wash for you. These are all the little arrangements I can think of at present, by way of setting you at your ease, and making you feel at home: any thing you may wish yourself, you will order."

So saying, Mrs. St. Arno arose, and would have quitted him, adding, that she feared she had talked too much for him; but he begged she would stay, and she complied. She sat down again; and, instead of waiting for a reply, which he seemed about to utter, she began some observations on the nature of the country, and lamented that the very early approach of winter would defeat the purpose for which she had hired the cottage.

"My niece," said she, "is no despicable artist, and her port folio is enriched with views from nature, of many places out of England. She was desirous to see Rhanvellyn, and our journey was unfortunately delayed much longer than we intended."

Still Haverill said nothing, and Mrs. St. Arno, who had that politeness that springs from the right fountain, as well as that arising from commerce with the

world, continued her conversation, or rather her soliloquy.

"This place looked very pretty the day we came to look at it, I assure you, Sir," said she; "by the bye, I recollect Sir, we met you, and you had the politeness to recognize me, which after the odd scene of the night before was more than I could expect. We completely contrived to disturb your repose, I believe.—"

"And I fear Ma'am," said Haverill, "that I returned the compliment last night. I hope to-morrow to be able to request admission to your drawing-room, and if you will allow me to chuse in a house where I have no right to chuse, I will beg you not to banish me."

Mrs. St. Arno looked a little surprised, but she knew human nature too well, not to give its due share of the compliment to the love of freedom of choice, of which the Lords of the Creation, she used to say, were very jealous in even indiffe-

rent matters, but upon the whole, she was pleased with her guest, and she retired leaving an impression no less agreeable on his mind.

CHAP. XXV.

New Ideas, and the Effects of a deep Snow — with various Matters and Observations on Orthography.

"Miserable as the weather is," said Haverill, when he awoke the next day, "there is something in the air of this place that agrees with me. I have slept better last night, than — no matter than when — I won't think of that now." Hearing the family stirring, he rang for his valet, and learnt from him, that the ladies were at breakfast; so to avoid giving unnecessary trouble, he took his own in bed, and then hastened to dress himself. Having determined to forget the thing he was, as much as possible, and to make some return for the kindnesses his hostess seemed inclined to shew him, he schooled himself to pay his compliments to the young

lady with composure, and conducted by Broadhead, he entered the drawing-room.

Mrs. St. Arno rose to receive him, and addressed him with perfect ease, and an appearance of compassion; but Anarella, who was sewing, took no notice of him; she did not even raise her eyes.

" This industrious young lady, Sir, is my niece, Miss St. Arno," said the aunt.

Haverill bowed as he took a chair, and Anarella made a slight inclination of her head, without speaking.

" Well, Sir, I am happy to see you able to come down," said the aunt, " though really the prospect from the window is so very desolate, that I don't know whether one's bed room is not the most comfortable place."

Haverill bowed in token of assent, but he did not speak, and the good lady went on.

" It is fortunate that the poor people in the cottage had laid in a good stock

of coals; we shall not want fire to dress our food, even if we should be shut up two months."

"Two months!" said Anarella, "God forbid! the very idea freezes me," and she looked by chance towards our hero.

"It might, if we had no fuel," replied the aunt, "or if you were alone; but let me tell you, my dear, that good fires, and good company, with something to eat, will set frost at defiance."

"Ah," said Anarella, "true. I did not at that moment think of either one or the other."

Mr. Haverill, though a man of the world, felt his situation a little embarrassing. The sight of Miss St. Arno, spite of all his efforts, raised the fiend in his bosom, and the recollection of his own behaviour to her filled him with concern. He knew she must take him for a madman, and this consciousness produced a singularity of countenance

that was well calculated to confirm her suspicions. He was unable to converse. The last time he had been in the society of a young and lovely female, was on a very interesting occasion; the last time he had spoken to one, as his companion, was on a very distressing one. He began to feel an indication of spasms in his chest, and he gasped in a way that too clearly shewed he was ill.

Miss St. Arno looked frightened, and collecting her work, she thrust it hastily into her basket, and was quitting the room, when he caught her hand, exclaiming, "pardon me, Madam, but I cannot consent to frighten you away. You have too much reason, I own. Unhappy associations overcame my fortitude; but that is now over, and if you will condescend to remain, believe me you have nothing to fear. If not, and you are still uneasy, I will retire, deeply regretting the unfortunate manner of my

first introduction to you, and its mortifying consequences to myself."

Anarella, at a loss for a reply, and feeling the terror that had actuated her, replaced by pity, put her basket on the table again, and sat down. She took out her work, and turned it various ways, while Haverill, who had now ventured to look at, to speak to, nay, even to touch her, found his unpleasant sensations abate of their poignancy, and his spasmodic symptoms almost disappear.

"You look better, Sir," said the old lady, eyeing him through her spectacles which she had put on to read the label on a bottle that she took from her medicine chest; "I was going to offer you a few of these drops; they are very good in sudden affections of the heart or stomach." While Haverill accepted the good lady's remedy, by way of diverting his own and her attention from what had just passed, Anarella looked up archly

at the words, *affections of the heart*, and said it was a pity Jar was not there.

"Why, my dear?" asked her aunt.

This was one of those unfortunate straight-forward questions, which Mrs. St. Arno not unfrequently disappointed her niece's raillery with; not that she intended to disappoint her or any body else; but she said what first suggested itself. On this occasion, Anarella did not expect to be asked why, because she naturally thought her aunt would smile at her allusion, and as to Haverill, she did not think much about him. But this unfortunate, "why, my dear?" drew his attention to the fair speaker, who in reply to it, only blushed deeply with an air of vexation, and re-echoed the word "*why?*"

We are all, perhaps, apt to build an hypothesis on very slender foundations, especially in love affairs; and Haverill fancied that much more was meant than met the ear, and much more, perhaps,

than the premises warranted. His curiosity was awakened, and while he sat an apparently attentive listener to a paper that Mrs. St. Arno read from the Mirror, he was wondering in his own mind what sort of a man this Jar could be, who was courageous enough to venture on a wife, who to him appeared flippant and unfeeling, and had only a certain piquant sort of sauciness, and a pretty face to recommend her.

"But," thought he, "it is the case with them all; they have art enough to conceal their faults from the person most interested to know them. If this creature had any feeling but for herself, she would have been affected with my emotion, and would have spared a jest, however near the subject that most interests her. But it is well! for the appearance of sympathy might encourage those feelings, but now with difficulty repressed, and I should have avoided one too like my bane! Now, I can see her with perfect tranquillity; and from

this moment she ceases to interest or move me. 'Yes! true woman,' thought he, fixing his expressive eyes, with no very gentle look, upon hers. 'Yes, you have, I see, all the virtues of your sex. Cunning, instead of sense; pertness, instead of wit; affectation, instead of sympathy; sensuality, instead of sentiment; and pride, instead of principle. From my soul, I detest you all."

Miss St. Arno having finished the work she held in her hand, had rested her elbow on the table, and was listening with interest to her aunt's reading, when she perceived the eyes of Mr. Haverill looking at her with an expression of ferocity and dislike, that, added to what had formerly passed, gave her a sort of tremor, and she left the room hastily.

Her aunt looked up, as if inclined to ask *why* again, but she said nothing, and perceiving that her remaining auditor was quite lost in his own reflections, she shut the book, and replaced it on the shelf. A

long silence ensued, which Mrs. St. Arno was careful not to interrupt, and which Haverill did not once observe. At last Mrs. St. Arno quitted the room, and left her guest at full liberty to utter his thoughts aloud, if he thought proper.

She found Anarella under the hands of Mrs. Dunn, who was assisting her to dress for dinner, and telling her the different opinion of each individual in the family, of the new gentleman. "For my own part," said Mrs. Dunn, "I would not go near him on no account, he look so woracious, and as if he'd eat one, and I shid hexpect to be dewourd. He may be a gintleman, and I sippose a be; for vhy, the woman say his shirt is fine and new, and marked with a fine flourish, a cyphon, I think Miss you call it. But I shid a thought Miss a Y or a U would a stood for Urkles, but this do look more like a C or a double I; its very instink, as your ciphon often be."

"I suppose its an H," said Anarella, "H stands for Hercules."

" Dear Miss, I shid never a thought it," cried Dunn ; " a *Haitch* for Urkles ! La, vhat I'd give to be book lairned, and know at the first conception vhat letters do stand for all the things upon airth. Poor dear Lady Blunt as I livied with at *Ereford*, used to himploy me to read vhen she was herself, and had not a lifted her helbow too often. But I made but hindifferent work of it, Miss, for I vas forced to deciphon the syllabubs, and my lady used to swear at me, and that made me more difficult by half, and so sometimes I vas forced to hold my tongue."

Did that ever happen Dunn," asked Mrs. St. Arno.

" Ma'am!" cried Dunn, not understanding.

" Do you ever hold your tongue ? Are you ever silent ?" said the mistress.

" Me, my lady !" cried Dunn, "There's nobody talks less than I do, Ma'am, I never speaks but jist to give a proper hanser vhen a lady hasks me a question.

I never vas tasked for tittle-tattle, nor vor chitteration, nor for wallability, my lady, and vhen I'm haxed a plain question I gives a plain hanser; jist yes and no; I halways says, my lady, says I —"

She was here stopped by a violent burst of laughter, which neither of her ladies, as she called them, could refrain from; and which very much enraged her; and her misery was completed by the commencement of a conversation in French, in which she could take no part. Poor Dunn, for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, cursed the French in her heart; and, though she did not dare to let the sound of her voice interrupt the ladies, she gratified herself by moving her lips, as if she was speaking, as indeed she always did, when not actually engaged in utteration.

"I do really think that man is mad," said Anarella; "it is not what he says; *that* I could fancy to be uttered by a man who was only strongly moved by some

remembrance; but his look!—my dear aunt, his look is terrific. I assure you he was looking at me in the most horrible way when I left the room,—quite fiercely; and I must beg, that while you have him here, you will never leave me alone with him."

"I did not at all observe what you say frightened you, love," replied Mrs. St. Arno; "but I will not leave you alone with him, if I can help it. He pleases me very much. There is a great deal of sentiment and pathos in his countenance, and his manners are perfectly easy and genteel."

"Yes, so they are, genteel enough!" said Anarella; "I wish he would not be so savage; and, if he will, I wish the snow would vanish, for really he is quite a horror."

"Nonsense, child," replied the aunt, "he is what the common people call a Godsend; and I do not doubt that we

shall turn him to good account. He will prove a pleasing companion, I foretel, Anarella; and, as we may calculate on his remaining here a week or ten days, the sooner we give him the tone of the house, the better."

"I wonder who he is?" said Anarella.

"And I too, my dear," replied the aunt; "but, as wondering will not satisfy us, the best way will be to treat him with kindness and humanity, and make allowances for his abstraction. I must beg, my sweet girl, that you will try neither to start nor laugh; for the unhappy are very sore, and very jealous. If he chooses to sit with us, we must, as his hosts, endeavour to amuse him, and I trust that you will perform your part. I know that your youthful gaiety is not so well suited to his present disposition as my sober quietness; but you will, out of humanity, restrain it; I know you will."

Thus schooled, Anarella went down to dinner, and left Mrs. Dunn at liberty to talk aloud while she arranged the room, and prepared it for the evening.

CHAP. XXVI.

Haverill schools himself. — An Amendment. — Assimilation and Alarms.

During the absence of the ladies, Mr. Haverill had lectured himself on the impropriety of giving way to internal reflections on them or their sex, which must, he conjectured, give him an unamiable air; and he determined to lay some restraint on himself, and refrain from indulging ideas that could produce nothing but mortification to all parties. He prepared then to receive them with composure, and even consulted the glass to see how he looked, and whether all traces of ill humour were worn off his countenance. When he had arranged his cravat, and made the very best he could of himself, he was still dissatisfied with his

appearance, and still continued to wonder at the change in his person. He blamed grief, fever, anxiety, fatigue, and at last the black wig. He wondered whether he should take cold if he were to take it off; whether his hair was sufficiently grown, and his hearing sufficiently re-established to render such a step safe. Then looking at the snow, he determined that he had better keep it on. "If I had any personal vanity left," said he, "I should certainly banish it; but I thank God I am cured of that weakness; indeed it has brought its cure and its punishment with it. I am now as indifferent with regard to what women of any age think of my looks, as I used to be solicitous to attract the attention of all ages. I have done with the sex, and for ever!"

So thinking, for he did not utter it aloud, courteous reader, he again drew up his cravat, and his waistcoat collar, and was almost tempted to throw off the wig,

when Broadhead brought in the soup, and he walked towards the fire.

Dinner was on the table full five minutes before the ladies came, and Haverill leaning on the back of the chair at the bottom of the table, waited somewhat impatiently for them. Broadhead, who was much more impatient, chose to amuse himself by conversation, and said he hoped the starving he had got in the snow had done him no harm. The civil reply our hero gave him, induced him to go on with other trifling civilities, as he called them; and at last with a low bow, he said he had a favour to ask. On being desired to mention it, he replied, that he would be very much obliged, very much indeed, if he would tell him the best way to spell his name. "Airkles," said he, "'tis a droll bitch of a naame, and the women and me has had a tift, Sir, about how to spell Airkles."

"Damn the women," exclaimed Haverill, and was about to include honest

Broadhead in the benediction, when Mrs. St. Arno and her niece entered, the former with a composed air, though she had heard Haverill's exclamation, and the latter with a blush and a look of timid gentleness, that made her appear more lovely than Haverill had yet seen her.

Mortified and provoked as Haverill was, at having once more given way to his temper, and natural impatience, he did not forget the attentions politeness required from him; and venturing to hand Miss St. Arno to the chair on the right hand of her aunt, he took the bottom of the table, and carved for the ladies.

" I hardly need ask, Sir," said Mrs. St. Arno in French, " whether you converse in French or not, for it is now become, even in England, the common language of conversation. My niece and I frequently chuse to make observations in the presence of our servants, which, as

they do not concern them, we do not think it necessary for them to know. If you do not dislike it, then we will retain our old custom of speaking French when they are in the room."

"It will be perfectly agreeable to me, Ma'am," said Haverill, "for I have lived so much abroad, that it is as familiar to me as English."

"That is our case," replied the old lady, "and I question whether Anarella, who went very young into Switzerland, does not think in that language now. If I had not made a point of her being English, she would soon have ceased to be so, and I may thank her, for retaining my own English so well."

"According to your own axiom, aunt, that a good action never goes without its reward; or rather, that goodness is its own reward," said Anarella.

The aunt looked affectionately at the niece, and her eyes said as plainly as eyes could say, that she had a reward

for her trouble, in educating the sweet girl, and Anarella's replied in most affectionate terms. This did not escape the notice of our hero, though he was apparently employed in disjointing a fowl.

"Well, thought he to himself, there can be no deception in that, it springs from the heart. These creatures, can, some of them, love then? They are not all what —"

His reflections were interrupted by Broadhead, who presented Miss St. Arno's plate for some fowl.

"What part shall I send you, Ma'am?" said Haverill, sighing at the remembrance of the person whose name followed the *what* where we stopped.

"I usually have the merry thought, Sir," replied she, with great gravity, "but as I would not monopolize a good thing, while some of my neighbours are in want of it, I'll take any thing else, and leave that for —"

"For me?" asked Haverill.

"If it accords with your taste, Sir, it is at your service," replied Anarella.

Haverill helped her to a wing, and with an attempt at a smile, took the merry-thought himself, and Anarella hoped it would prove agreeable.

This playful hint from Anarella, which seemed to have reconciled the stranger to her niece, pleased Mrs. St. Arno, and she told Haverill that she was afraid Anarella's young spirits would be almost too much for him. "Youth and innocence, with some other little faults, I will not enumerate in her presence," said the old lady, "will, I fear, render her too gay a companion for your spirits. When that is the case, the least indication of weariness will make her a very mute."

"I am not so much my own enemy, Madam, as to wish any lady to be mute," said Haverill.

When people once begin to be social,

and to understand each other, unless there be some great defect of temper on one or both sides, they soon become mutually agreeable, and Haverill had not been two days in Mrs. St. Arno's house before he had made both her and her niece exceptions to his general opinion of women. He thought they seemed really good and kind-hearted, and his spirits were better, and began to assimilate with those of the ladies, which were generally speaking rather of the lively kind. He could even bear to talk over the night-affair at Pont-y-V—; and he amused the ladies with some anecdotes of Sergeant Puffin and his lady; and many other people whom he happened to recollect.

Mrs. St. Arno however, observed, that he was not at all a lady's man. He did not practise that host of little attentions, which Anarella had been used to receive from all the males who approached her, nor did he shew the least symptom of

of any thing like the most distant approach to flirtation. Instead, indeed of appearing to admire all she did, he more than once shewed a disapprobation of some lively repartees that passed between the aunt and the niece; for in the midst of the conversation he left the room. Drawing was too cold an employment in such weather, and Anarella was not a harp player. Their only resource then was reading and conversation, and as both Haverill and Anarella liked reading aloud, they contrived to pass the day and evening too without *ennui*.

On the evening of the second day, Anarella ventured to pronounce their guest, a sensible, well-informed, well-bred man.

"I can talk to him with pleasure," said she to her aunt, "for he has given over frightening me, and thank heaven he has not paid me one compliment, or even the shadow of one, since he came,

Perhaps for that I am indebted to the state of his own mind, as well as my own demerits; but whatever the cause, the effect is pleasant. Any fool can say what are called agreeable things, and I really believe some of them learn them by heart to be applied upon occasion! but only a man of a cultivated mind and noble sentiments can converse as our Hercules does. I fear the poor man is in love."

"Why should you fear it?" asked the aunt.

"Why? why, because he seems unhappy, and I suppose he is unhappy on that subject," replied the niece.

"Oh! that's very well, my dear," said Mrs. St. Arno.

"Why is it very well, aunt," asked Anarella in her turn; "is it very well that he is unhappy?"

"No, my dear, that was not my meaning," said the old lady; "I said it was very well in reply to an idea of my own."

"I begin to like him amazingly," con-

tinued Anarella, without taking any notice of what her aunt said; "there is no subject on which we have talked, that he is not quite at home upon. He likes my dear Tasso too, and all my favorites, and has as great a horror of French poetry, as either of us. Then how well he reads Shakespeare! Well I don't care now if your prediction is true, and we are shut up a week. I shall derive more information from him than from all the Adonises I have met with since I came to England."

"I wish you may, child," said Mrs. St. Arno, "and profit by it. He certainly improves upon us, and I don't doubt that before he goes, he will entrust *me* with his real name. His caution at present is proper, but he will know me better."

"Dear, I hope then he'll tell me too," said Anarella, "for I never wished for any thing in my life so much as to know his name and his history. I wonder aunt what sort of a woman his love is! whether

I am like her or not. I should think I ain—or perhaps I am like somebody who crossed his love, some enemy, some female deceiver."

"Very likely, my dear," replied the aunt.

"But, which is very likely, aunt?" asked Anarella.

"That you are like somebody he hates," said Mrs. St. Arno.

Anarella looked grave, and bid Dunn fold up her gown straight, in rather a sharp manner.

Dunn began to weep, and said,

"There's no casions, Miss, to be so hirksome about a gownd, for all vill soon be hover."

"All what, Dunn?" said Miss St. Arno.

"Vhy, Miss, don't you see that vee are shit up here in a bottomless pit, an naar a vay out. The man as foretold the vorld shed be at a *hend*, only mistookt the vay. It vas by snow and nat by fire. Snow is

nat vater; for the Lord said he vad never again destray the vorld by vater; and he'd be ashamed to falsify his vord, and give us the damnation of vater when he promised fire."

"But snow is not fire, Dunn," said Anarella; "and I think now you may make yourself easy about the prophet; the day is past, you know."

"Yes, Miss!" replied Mrs. Dunn, "the day is past in our veak deceptions, that's true enough; but vho knows vhat vas the prophet's hidden deceptions, and vhere he tookt his fundamentals? He might mean that day as the people shit up their shops, to vait for the fire, or he might mean a hundred years, and name it a day!"

"In either case, Dunn, we are safe," said Mrs. St. Arno; "but I should like to know how you, all at once, are become so learned in the prophetic language?"

Dunn curtsied and sighed; and said that Mrs. Taffle, the farmer's wife, was

well read in the Scripture, and had experienced the grace of God; and she had been shewing her, and telling her, that the world would be destroyed by snow.

"Mrs. Taffle may be a very experienced person, and have the grace of God; and I hope she has;" said Mrs. St. Arno; "but I advise you, Dunn, not to listen to such discourse, for I'll have neither prophet nor saint in my house, if I can help it; and a call that way, would certainly be a call to another service."

Dunn would have replied to this; but the duties of the day were over, and her mistress bid her good night in a tone that would not bear an answer.

CHAP. XXVII.

Imprisonment. — Variability. — Conversation. — The Commencement of Mrs St. Arno's History.

WHEN Mrs. St. Arno came down the next morning, she found that Haverill had been out to inspect the state of the roads; and he reported that the depth of the snow at the entrance to the road was much more than he had imagined; and he feared that the two men would be four or five days before they could open the communication with Pont-y-V—.

" Happily as I am situated here," said he, bowing, " you will perhaps think me unreasonable to wish to be out of this happy valley. But I am very uneasy! A business, to me of the last importance, is suspended by my detention; and, I fear, my friend Twentymen will put himself to

some inconvenience to find me. I wish I could send a letter to him."

" I wish you could, Sir," replied the old Lady; " but I know of no means to pass the snow, and we do not keep doves. You are fairly caught in snow bands; but be of good courage, the friendly thaw will, I hope, assist to relieve you sooner than you imagine."

" I don't know," said Haverill, " he does not seem inclined to appear yet. I think we had better begin to work our way with spade and shovel."

" We, Sir?" said Anarella.

" I mean, we males, Ma'am," replied Haverill: " the two men and myself must do our best."

" The men shall go to work directly," said Mrs. St. Arno; " but pardon me, if I say that you must not. Such an exertion in this cold might bring on your fever; and, as Providence has entrusted you to our care, we must supply the place

of your mother, who, I'm sure, would think us in the right."

"I have no mother," said Haverill mournfully; and he was gratified by seeing a tear of sympathy in the eyes of both ladies. This greatly affected him; and, taking the hand of Mrs. St. Arno, he said:

"Nothing, Madam, would gratify me more, than to feel at liberty to communicate my situation to you fully and circumstantially; I long to do so, but—I—. I am tied—. I trust that in less than a fortnight after I leave this abode, the first in which any fore-taste of returning peace has reached me since—what was I saying? I trust that I may tell you all; and this leads me to request, that whenever I do depart, you will allow me to know the place of your destination."

"Sir, I will certainly," said the lady, "our acquaintance has been very short, 'tis true, but I hope when this fated fortnight is over, we may have the pleasure

of renewing it, in a less irksome situation."

Haverill said nothing, but he looked delighted; and Anarella, who was pouring out the tea, some way or other contrived to make the tray flow.

"Oh dear! I have—Oh dear!" cried she.

"Dear, what?" exclaimed Haverill, snatching her from the table. "Are you hurt, Miss St. Arno?"

Whether Anarella's spirits were particularly low that morning, or not, we cannot pretend to say, but she burst into tears, and Mrs. Dunn having wiped up the mischief, her aunt made breakfast.

"When did you begin to be nervous, my dear," said her aunt; "you used to bear an accident like a heroine; but I suppose seclusion is beginning to have its effect on you, and I don't wonder at it, so much as you have been accustomed to exercise in the open air. I think a good game at snowball would do you good."

"I had better labor at making the road passable," replied Anarella, half sighing; "and that accomplished, we should all feel our nerves braced. I don't like to be confined, I feel as if I did not breathe freely, and if I am to be much longer a prisoner, I shall become good for nothing."

"And if you do," said the old lady, "I shall wish to turn you over to some other custody than mine. I don't like useless people in any station of life, so take care of yourself."

Anarella sighed again, and as soon as breakfast was over retired, leaving her aunt and Haverill much concerned, as this sort of low-spirits was very unlike her character, and they both began to imagine that she was affected by being shut up. However, she soon rejoined them perfectly composed; and during the remainder of the day, was much more agreeable to Mr. Haverill than he had yet seen her; for she conversed more gravely than usual;

and, little variety as they had in their amusements, night surprised them before they were aware of it.

Seven or eight days elapsed before the immense mass of snow, that had maliciously drifted on the road from Rose Cottage, was rendered practicable for a foot passenger, and as soon as it was possible for the farmer to reach the high road to Pont-y-V —, he was sent with a basket for provisions, and it was determined, that if he reported the road safe for a chaise, the whole party should migrate to the Cheese-toaster, where the ladies might remain till their own carriage and baggage could be brought to them. The old lady said she could walk up the hill to the high road to Pont-y-V—, very well, and there was no doubt with regard to the rest of the party. As Haverill hoped to be released the next day, he would not send a letter to his friend by the farmer; he proposed to proceed from Pont-y-V— to C—, and thence to H— as fast as

possible, conjecturing that if any one had intended to molest him he was now safe, as he of course was supposed to have quitted the country.

"I don't know how it is," said Mrs. St. Arno, "but I have not yet lived long enough in the world to get over the unpleasant feeling at parting with my friends, and spite of age and some philosophy, it always gives me an uneasy sensation to say adieu."

"And me too, aunt," said Anarella.

"Mine is, I believe, more than an uneasy sensation," said Haverill, "I need not tell you, how truly painful it is to me to quit so kind, so hospitable a roof. I am deeply flattered, ladies, by your goodness, and if I live, it will form the sole pleasure of my future existence."

"If you live, Sir?" said Anarella.

"Don't die, my good friend," cried the old lady, "life has too many blessings to be quitted at your years, and I shall, I assure you, be very impatient

for the termination of the promised fortnight."

"Whether I survive till that time or not, Madam," said Haverill, "your curiosity shall be satisfied; and to me, it would be a blessing not to survive."

The tone of deep despondency with which this was uttered, struck Mr. Haverill's auditors, whose hearts were of the gentlest kind, but they said nothing. They felt that they could not administer consolation, and they feared to be thought curious, if they made any observations, in general terms, which might be interpreted into particular inquiries. Their countenances, however, were sufficiently expressive, and the fair Anarella had, perhaps, never appeared so beautiful or so interesting to Mr. Haverill as at the moment when she might have sat for the representative of Pity.

The day past heavily over, and was the first disagreeable one that the party had had to complain of, and night

brought with it some alarm for Mr. Taffle, who had been ordered to return by daylight, but who did not make his appearance till six o'clock.

When Mr. Taffle entered Mrs. St. Arno's drawing-room, where he was admitted to give an account of his expedition, he reported that the high road from the place where that to Rose Cottage entered it, was tolerably good, as the snow was very hard, and that he thought the ladies might reach it very well if the frost continued. A migration was then absolutely determined on, if the weather did not alter, and Mrs. St. Arno said she would send the man at breakfast-time, to order two chaises if they could be had, to be in waiting at the nearest spot they could reach, and the new friends seeming equally out of spirits, and the ladies having some arrangements to make, they separated at an early hour.

Mrs. St. Arno, who knew that a de-

pression of spirits was best combated by a little active employment, and who was both concerned and surprised to see Anarella's health affected with the confinement of a week or ten days, desired that young lady to assist Mrs. Dunn in selecting such of their clothes as they must necessarily take, and making a package of them for Broadhead to carry to the chaise. Anarella readily complied, and in silence began to separate her aunt's clothes.

It happened, that Mrs. Dunn, instead of feeling grateful for the assistance, was very much offended at any interference in what she called *her pecuniar province*, and as she handed the several habiliments to the bed they were deposited on, she indulged in a soliloquy, the burden of which was, that it was time the world should be at an end, as she was insufficient, and that she did not want to have her wages for standing like a dumb waiter.

Anarella was so busily employed in her commission, or absorbed in her own reflections, that she did not even hear a word she was saying, or if she did, being habituated to the murmur, it produced no impression. But Mrs. St. Arno, who was making a little calculation on her tablets, was disturbed, and hearing the words *dumb waiter*, she said,

"For pity's sake, Dunn, hold your tongue! you are as unlike a *dumb* waiter as possible."

"Did you speak, Ma'am?" said Dunn.

"Yes! I desired you to hold your tongue, you disturb me," said her mistress.

"Me, Ma'am? Bless me, Ma'am, I did not speak," replied Dunn; "I have not opened my lips since I came into the room but just to hax vether you'd have a pair of shits put up vith the other odd things. There's nobody talks less nor I, and if—"

"You are talking now, child," said her mistress.

"Dear Ma'am, I beg your pardon, but if it vas the last vord I had to speak, and God knows but it may, now the vorld is so near its hend! I have not said a vord but to hax the necessary questions about the things, and if that his not agreeable, I'm very sorry; and Miss had best elect them herself. I did think vonce, that I knowd something in my procession, but now I see I am a ciphon."

Here Mrs. Dunn stopped necessarily, for she had exhausted her breath, and her lady, taking advantage of the pause, said gently,

"Dunn, hold your tongue."

"Ma'am, I does hold my tongue. I don't speak," said she.

"I forbid you to speak again, while you are in the room, unless a question should be asked you," said Mrs. St. Arno.

"Wery vell, Ma'am," said Dunn, "I'm sure there can be no casions to *restick* me, who is a picture of silence. I had three sisters, and I was the least talker of

the family, and all the neighbours christened me silent Betty. I vas famed all the country through, and nobody, my lady, till I undertookt your situation, ever excused me before. My Lady Blunt—"

"Good Heaven!" interrupted Anarella, whose attention had now been drawn to the conversation; "for God's sake don't bring her Ladyship again, for she makes most unconscionable visits. Be silent when my aunt tells you, and don't wear us to death with your eternal noise."

"Henceforward," said Mrs. St. Arno, "I will have silence in my room; so no reply."

Dunn here burst into tears, and contrived to weep the whole time she remained in the room; and probably she might find it a great consolation to her, and a considerable alleviation of her enforced silence.

We say probably, for we do not dare to aver the thing to be so positively, but

we recommend to all great talkers, to try the experiment, when their tongues are chained by the cruel commands of those who are so devoid of taste as not to relish this kind of perpetual larum.

"I wonder, aunt, that you can bear that woman," said Miss St. Arno, rather impatiently, "she is worse than ever."

"No, my dear," replied her aunt quietly, "she is much the same, and will continue so, I dare say. Sometimes it is very troublesome to be disturbed by her, but when I am not particularly engaged, she makes me smile. I fancy this evening it was in ourselves the variability was found, not in poor Dunn, she is always equally loquacious."

"Variability," said Anarella, repeating the word her aunt had used, with much emphasis; "How, Ma'am, are we variable? how are we different from what we have always been towards her?"

"That is a riddle I cannot exactly solve," replied Mrs. St. Arno; "but certainly we

are a little out of spirits, and perhaps a little impatient. Dunn's loquacity, besides being ill-timed, perhaps took its colour from our prevailing hue, and this rendered it still more unpalatable."

"I confess I *am* out of spirits," said Anarella; "I believe our unknown has infected me with his own despondency; and I really would give half I ever shall be worth, to know the source of his misery, for miserable he certainly is."

"Have patience, child," said the old lady, he leaves us to-morrow, and he has promised that we, at least *I*, shall know all in a fortnight."

"Oh yes, dear aunt," cried Anarella, "and I cannot help suspecting, from his look and his manner, and what he said about surviving, that he has some affair of honour upon his hands. Why else should he be so anxious to conceal his name and his abode? Why should he have fixed a fortnight?"

"I really cannot answer those whys,"

said Mrs. St. Arno, "at all satisfactorily, my dear. He may be in debt." "Poor creature," sighed Anarella, "that would be shocking. What a pleasure it would be to be able to extricate him from his embarrassments."

"His wife may have eloped from him," said the old lady. "What a wretched woman she must be," said the niece.

"Or he may only have been crossed in love, as the people call it," continued the aunt.

"That's what Jarrener calls deadly poison," replied Anarella.

"These, or fifty other misfortunes may have happened to him, my dear; though I sincerely hope none of them have," said Mrs. St. Arno; "but as we should probably be far from the truth, even if we could guess the other fifty, our best way at present is to go to sleep, and suspend our curiosity and our pity, till the expiration of the fortnight."

The ladies then wished each other good

night, and the elder one was soon asleep; but Anarella felt her mind more fully occupied than it had ever been before, and her compassion interested to a degree she had never experienced. Her own concerns, which were of some importance, and her principal reason for visiting Wales, were all forgotten. She wished the next fortnight could be passed in slumbers on her part, and that it might render the stranger happy, though she added with a sigh, she might not see him again.

The family at Rose Cottage assembled the next morning, in the full expectation of separating before night; but an event had happened that seemed as if it would keep them together some time longer. This was a rapid thaw, the probable effects of which would be to render the road through the wood impassable, and unless, by great good luck, to make the rooms on the ground floor uninhabitable. Haverill, whose impatience at being detained was much increased by the near

approach and expectation of departing, would have braved the danger of walking up to his knees in snow water, if Mrs. St. Arno had not intreated him to wait a day or two; and to this he probably would have been deaf, had she not added, "that his remaining would be a great pleasure to Anarella and herself, and it was the only favour she would ask from him."

To a favour so asked by a lady, and one too, for whom, spite of his misanthropical feelings, Haverill felt a sincere and grateful esteem, he could not give a refusal; and he sat down, after breakfast, to read aloud to the ladies, as usual. As to Anarella she had wonderfully recovered her spirits, which seemed to rise the more the hopes of deliverance were crossed. Mrs. St. Arno, who was glad to see Anarella better, was very chearful and entertaining, and as she sat with her niece and protegé, she said, if it would afford them any entertainment in this dire state of bondage, she would, like a princess in romance,

give them an account of her life and adventures.

"I have long promised Anarella to tell her all that has befallen me," said she, "and if you will not be wearied, Sir, I will now acquit myself of my promise."

Haverill assured her that she could not gratify him more, and she began in the following words.

The History of Mrs. St. Arno.

"Happy, contented and chearful as you now see me, I have not been exempt from the trifling mortifications, and some of the more serious misfortunes of life. But my evil star has now set some years, and it seems as if I were to have my share of good in this changeful world, at the close of life.

"Then do you think, Ma'am," said Haverill, interrupting her, "that a certain portion of evil is appointed us here, and that those who experience it early

in life, may hope for happiness in their old age?"

"Indeed," replied the old lady, "that is a point of doctrine I do not feel myself equal to decide upon, but in the course of my passage through the world, I have frequently observed, that those who set out in life with an accumulation of comforts and blessings, seldom reach its close without suffering some great calamity that tinges their later years with melancholy; and on the contrary, many who have suffered serious misfortunes and sorrows till the age of thirty or forty, have afterwards enjoyed a great portion of felicity. This looks something like equality, and though there are a few exceptions of some who are always fortunate, and others who seem to be the sport of fate and the victims of adversity, I think it may be generally asserted, that all men have their share of good and evil, though not perhaps quite in equal portions."

"If that be the case," said Anarella, "I may live in fear, for hitherto my life, under your kind care, has been one continued scene of comfort and happiness; and though I have some subjects not very agreeable to reflect upon, they weigh so lightly in the balance, that I may venture to say, I have never known sorrow, at least very great sorrow."

"I pray God you never may," replied her aunt, "but that is hardly, even by worth like yours, to be expected. Let me, however, old-woman-like, give you a piece of advice. Don't foresee evils, unless they are such as you can guard against, and then don't let your mind dwell upon them. Even when you have suffered under misfortune, unkindness or treachery, the less you can think about it the better; and I know, by experience, that the habit of chusing on what subject your reflections shall run, may be acquired, and become as familiar as any other habit."

"Aye," said Haverill, "but the barbed shaft! The bitter reflection that inconsiderate vanity exposed you to the snares of villainy! How can it be forgotten?"

"Certainly not, till it is extracted, and the wound healed," replied Mrs. St. Arno, "but the skilful hand of friendship, aided by time, will do more than even extracting such a shaft as you speak of; and though there are seasons when an old wound will pain one, I feel it myself, yet it does not last long."

Haverill rose from his seat, and paced the small room in great emotion; but after a few moments, he resumed his seat, and begged that Mrs. St. Arno would go on with her story, which he was very anxious to hear.

"Willingly," said she. "I was the eldest child of my father, and unfortunate enough to incur his displeasure from the first moment of my entrance into the world, for he had been anxiously expecting a male heir to a large landed estate

he himself had inherited from an elder brother who was killed in a duel, and the disappointment made so deep an impression on him, that I really think he never forgave me for being a female.

"His behaviour made so deep an impression on my mother, that it brought on a nervous weakness, and I have heard her say, that she feared her life might not be spared to bring me up; but happily for me it was.

"Perhaps there never was a human being with so sweet a temper and so affectionate a disposition as my mother. Instead of considering my father's proud contempt of a daughter, as at the same time wrong, foolish, and unkind to herself, she thought that he had great reason to be disappointed, and she pitied him for not having the only blessing he declared wanting to his felicity. "No man," he would say, "has a fortune that more amply supplies his wishes; no man stands higher in his profession;

(he was a general;) no man is nearer his Sovereign's ear than I am; and yet the only comfort I require, an heir to insure the descent of my name to posterity, is denied me. Have I not reason to complain?" "Indeed you have, my dear," was generally my mother's answer, and I have seen her weep for his painful feelings of disappointment, as much as if his grief had been rational.

"Till I had reached my eighteenth year, however, there was no prospect of any further increase to our family, and then the pleasure in the expectation could only be equalled by the mortification that the birth of a second girl produced.

"I shall never while I live forget my father's agony, and I believe that it occasioned the death of my dear mother, who survived her confinement only six weeks. I mention these particulars because they produced an effect on my mind that gave a colour to my future destiny.

"My mother had laboured hard in the

course of my education, to impress me with the idea that my father was the most reasonable, excellent man living, but though I thought him so in other respects, at least as far as my observation went, I never could bring myself to consider his behaviour either to her or to me, kind and reasonable. I resented it, I mean I would have done so if I had had an opportunity, and I felt that he had no love for me, and I no confidence in him. My grief for the loss of my mother was increased ten-fold, by the conviction that my father did not care for me, and I was still more disgusted with all at home, when he insisted soon after that event, that I should sit as the head of his table, and receive the numerous visitors who frequented our house. I was obliged to put off my mourning to be presented, and even now I can feel, can recollect I mean, the disgust and grief this apparent disrespect to the memory of a parent I adored, occasioned me." —

At this period of her story, Mrs. St. Arno was interrupted by the entrance of Broadhead, with the tray for dinner; and we shall take the opportunity of concluding our chapter.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Continuation of Mrs. St. Arno's History.

"My father's known influence in a certain quarter, and the weight his fortune and character had in the world, procured me numerous danglers, for admirers I can hardly call them, and a young officer, of high reputation, who had been well known and esteemed by my mother, was perhaps the only one of the party who joined, to the hope of interest, the merit of real affection. During several months he was my constant attendant, and though he intended, when he found the lucky moment to make his wishes known to me, yet the consciousness of want of fortune, to entitle him to receive the hand of General T—'s daughter, for a long time prevented him.

" About ten months after my mother's

death, my father, of whom I had seen but little for some weeks, entered my sitting room, and desiring me to lay aside my drawing, said he had something to talk to me about. I obeyed, and awaited his communication in some anxiety. After a considerable pause, he began,—

"It is my intention, as soon as my year of mourning is completed, to marry again; and as such a step will necessarily require an arrangement of my affairs, I have called on you this morning, Helen, to consult your inclination with respect to your future residence, and to acquaint you with the extent of your expectations.

"My tears and sobs here stopped General T——, he walked to the window, till I was a little composed, and then continued,

"It is perhaps natural enough that the mention of a second mother should renew your tears for the first, who was certainly a very exemplary character,

but upon the whole not exactly suited for the elevated and public station her alliance with me placed her in. She would have shone more in private life. I trust that if you chuse to remain here, the lady who will bless me with her hand, will not be disagreeable to you. She is about your own age, amiable and clever; and assured me yesterday, that your residence with her would contribute much to her satisfaction."

"I asked if she was any of my acquaintance, and was surprised to hear that it was a young lady who had been presented on the same day I was, and with whom I was rather intimate; that my father had been struck with her appearance on the occasion I have mentioned, and that he was accepted with pleasure both by the parents and the lady herself.

"I have the satisfaction of seeing that I am passionately beloved," continued my father; "which, considering my age, almost fifty, is more than I could have

hoped for on so short an acquaintance. And now, Helen, yon have your choice of three things; either to remain here, where you will have your own apartments, and such an establishment as suits General T——'s daughter; to go to your aunt, Lady Y——, who has kindly undertaken to bring up that other poor child; or to accept the hand of the Earl of G——, who has this morning proposed to me for you."

"Dear Sir!" said I, "the Earl of G——? why, he is almost fifty! old enough to be my grandfather!"

"I confess that this was very inconsiderate, and even rude on my part; but it was involuntary. My father looked very angry; but he was too well bred to reproach me, and he continued thus:

"Then I am to understand, Miss T——, that the Earl is refused?" I bowed, and he went on:

"Hear, then, what your expectations are. With your mother, I received all

her father had scraped together, somewhere about fifty thousand pounds. This was settled upon me for my life, if I survived her; and will be equally divided between you and the other girl after my death. If I could afford it, I would now relinquish your share of it; but I am marrying a young lady with no fortune, and may hope to look forward to the providing for younger sons; it would not, therefore, be justice to my family to give out of my hands so large a capital. But, as a decent provision is due to you, I shall give you five thousand pounds, the interest of which will be quite enough to provide you with every thing necessary for a female; and either here, or at my sister's, you will find a home, and a carriage free of expense. With five thousand pounds, and my connexions, you will marry well; and, by giving you so little ready money, I secure you against the possibility of marrying any young man who has not a large fortune. If any

such should make any overtures to you, tell him what your fortune is; and add, at the same time, that you will incur my displeasure by accepting him. The daughter of General T—— has a right to expect a splendid establishment in marriage; and if you would take my advice, you would accept the Earl of G——. I give you a fortnight to consider in; and in the mean time, you must wait on the dear girl who has promised me her hand. I have ordered the carriage at four, and expect you will be ready to accompany me."

"So saying, my father quitted me, and left me in a state of distress I cannot describe.

"If I was surprised at my father's thinking of so young a wife, I was no less so at the ready acceptance Maria—(excuse my not mentioning family names at length, Sir,) I was surprised, I say, that Maria should profess so great a readiness to marry him. I had not then learnt that a love of a splendid establishment

would stifle all other feelings in the breast of an ambitious young woman. I had more than once fancied that she was attached to the young officer I mentioned before as my admirer, and whom I shall call Captain Orme; for she took infinite pleasure in interrupting our conversation whenever we met; and I had conceived a sort of jealousy and dislike to her. Though not naturally, I hope, of a suspicious disposition, I could not help thinking that her love for my father was not so ardent as he imagined; and I determined to go to my aunt as soon as I was at liberty, and ask her advice in the disposal of myself.

"In the mean time, I dressed to accompany my father to the house of Maria's parent's; and, actuated perhaps by a spirit of perverseness, as well as a renewed grief for my mother, I put on my deepest mourning, though I had changed about a month before.

"The General looked displeased when

he handed me into the carriage, but he said nothing, and we rode on in silence. All the way we went I was endeavouring to gain the command of my feelings, and I alighted with tolerable composure.

"We were received in form, for the family was one that lived in great splendour, and in our own circle; and when my father led me into the drawing-room, I found the parents, and six daughters, of whom my mama was the eldest; a young officer their son, and two or three other people whom I had often seen, but did not know intimately.

"My father led me immediately to his bride, who blushed the deepest crimson when she saw me, and said:

"Miss T—, my beloved Miss —— is most anxious to pay her respects to you, and to assure you, that the happiness you have allowed me to hope for, renders you doubly dear to her heart."

"He at the same time took her hand, which he tenderly kissed, and then join-

ing it with mine, he pressed both to his heart. This was too much for me. I had never received any marks of tenderness from my father, either before or after my mother's death, and I burst into a passion of tears, that well nigh choaked me. I think the scene must have been rather ludicrous to a by-stander, though it was very painful to me. My father, excessively angry, and perhaps a little ashamed, was consoling his bride, who almost fainted in his arms, at this proof of her daughter's affectionate joy; her father, mother, uncles, and aunts were bringing remedies to revive and compose me; the young officer opened the window and hummed a tune, and the girls from the school-room, whispered and giggled with each other. They were soon however ordered out of the room, and we were informed that dinner was served. My father chose to stay, I excused myself on the plea of illness, and was conducted by the young officer to my carriage.

"I drove to Lady Y—'s, but she was at Richmond, so I returned home to nurse my woes in solitude. But here is dinner, to which when we have paid our respects, I will renew my narrative."

CHAP. XXIX.

In which Mrs. St. Arno resumes her Narration.

WHEN dinner was over, and the things removed, Mrs. St. Arno resumed her narration.

"I assure you, my young friends, though I relate all these things to you with so much composure, I felt them severely at the moment. But lapse of time, and some succeeding trials, has weakened their effect, and I think I have now a sort of melancholy pleasure in recollecting them.

"I think I stopped at my return home, or rather to my father's house, for it was no longer a home for me. When the carriage stopped, I perceived Captain Orme on the step, and he accompanied me into the drawing-room. He inquired for the General, and I told him that I

had left him in Brook Street. 'Then it is true, I presume, Miss T—, that the General is about to form a connexion there?' said the Captain.

"'Yes!' said I, 'and by the manner you speak in, I fancy the thing is known, though I was a stranger to it till this morning.'

"'I heard it eight months ago,' replied Captain Orme, 'but I never could bear to mention so painful a subject in your presence: nor could any one, I should imagine, who knew your angelic mother.'

"'The General told me himself,' said I.

"Captain Orme looked shocked and hurt at my emotion, for I could not refrain from tears; and after a pause, he said, 'Pardon me, my dear Miss T—, but I am anxious to know, interested I would say, if I dared, whether, as is reported, the Earl of G— is to be son-in-law to Maria?'

" 'No, indeed,' replied I, '*that* my beloved mother would never have consented to, nor should I—'

" You will easily imagine that this was the prelude to an offer of his heart, in reply to which, I told him exactly what my father designed to do; and pointed out the little probability there was that I should, for many years, become possessed of the moiety of my mother's fortune. He was deaf to all my objections; and, being seconded by my own esteem for him, and my preseut uncomfortable situation, I consented that he should speak to my aunt, who would, I doubted not, on account of the value she had for Orme, endeavour to persuade my father to consent. The event, however, proved that we were both mistaken. My aunt warmly espoused the cause of the Earl of G——; and said that it was the extreme of folly and romance for a girl brought up as I had been, to think of marrying a young officer with little more than his pay to sub-

sist upon; and she strongly exhorted Captain Orme not to expose himself to all the miseries consequent upon a large family, and a small fortune.

"As to my brother," said she, "he has reached that time of life when a man has a right to please himself: he wants an heir; and, of course, he takes a young wife. But the case is widely different with you, Captain Orme; you want a fortune; the shortest and surest way is to marry one; then, if your wife dies, the next time you please your inclination. As to Helen, she cannot hope to enjoy her fortune for twenty years at least, as the General is strong, and has a good constitution; besides, we are a long lived family; her wisest plan is to take the Earl of G——, who is very much broken within the last two years: in two more she may be a widow; and then, if she likes the connexion, and you are at liberty, she can bring you a fine jointure, as well as her love and all that sort of thing."

"But," said the Captain, "Miss T—— is willing to relinquish all the advantages a large fortune yields, and to suffer the privations a narrow income must occasion. I am romantic enough to think people may be very happy with a bare sufficiency, and enjoy themselves amazingly, though they walk on foot. Miss T—— is, I believe, of the same opinion; and I must again beg your Ladyship to mention my wishes to the General."

"My aunt was very angry at the Captain for persisting, and assured him that she would have nothing to do with the affair: she added, that if I continued to correspond with him, she should feel herself bound to refuse me an asylum under her roof, and to forbid him her house. She said she had no personal dislike to him, but he was poor; and that Helen T—— must have such an establishment as would not make her relations ashamed of her.

"It was in vain that we endeavoured to

win my aunt over to our interest; she was inexorable; and Orme decided upon speaking to the General himself. He took the opportunity when my father was about to escort his mistress to a jeweller's to make choice of jewels for her wedding; and he urged his wishes with great earnestness. My father thanked him politely for the honour he did his daughter, but begged to decline it. "I do not mean, Captain Orme," said he, "to make particular inquiries respecting your fortune. I know you have some; but, I fancy, if I even were to give Miss T—— the five thousand pounds I propose, your whole income would hardly exceed seven hundred a year?" . . .

"The Captain owned it would not be quite so much.

"Then," said the General, "there is necessarily an end to the business. As long as Miss T—— is under my roof or her aunt's, and she has her choice, she will appear in a manner becoming my

daughter, and her little income will furnish her with clothes and pocket-money. But it would be quite a different thing if she was your wife, Sir. I should blush to meet her."

"This very much irritated Orme, who was unguarded enough to hint, that even as his wife, I had an undisputed right to the half of my mother's fortune, and in case of my sister's death, to the whole. My father never forgave this, and at the time it occasioned such high words between them, that nothing but his love for me, prevented Orme from calling my father out. He left the house without seeing me; and I need not tell you how unhappily I passed the next four days, during which I heard nothing of him. On the third day after his departure, my father paid me another morning visit, during which, he never once mentioned Captain Orme, supposing that his determination had put an end to the affair. He came to ask how I meant

to dispose of myself. I replied, that at least, for a few months, I should wish to go to my aunt.

"Very well, Miss T—, as you please. But if you would take my advice, you would leave this house only to take possession of G— Castle," said the father.

"I shook my head, and he bid me arrange every thing with my aunt, as he was too much engaged in preparing for his marriage, to have a moment to spare. I accordingly wrote to her, requesting her to receive me into her family, and it was not till the next morning, that she sent me an answer. In this answer, she promised to receive me on two conditions; one, not to have any further acquaintance with Captain Orme, and the other to promise that the childish partiality, as she termed it, should not induce me to relinquish any subsequent offer, when such an establishment as suited a daughter of the house of T. should present itself. If I would agree to, and

solemnly promise this, she would receive me with open arms, and never mention Orme's name to me; if not, she desired me to remain where I was, as she would not be answerable for consequences.

"On the day I received this, Captain Orme came to visit me. He told me that he had forborne to come or to write, from the fear of being intercepted, but that having discovered that the General was to attend Maria to the opera after dining with the family, he had watched him out of the house.

"And now my dear Miss T—," said he, "I know not what to propose. If I followed the dictates of my love, I should urge you to bless me with your hand, and run the risk of afterwards propitiating the General. His interest alone would make my fortune, and he can have any thing he asks. But I will not be so selfish; the only favour I request, is permission to hope, that should fortune be propitious, you will give me

your hand; I have heard that we shall soon be sent on active service, and I may have an opportunity of distinguishing myself."

"I will not trouble you with detailing the whole that past at this interview; the result was a promise of mutual fidelity, and an agreement to meet the first Wednesday in each month at St. —'s church, till some new circumstance might induce us to make a new arrangement.

"I then wrote to my aunt, respectfully assuring her, that my most earnest wish was to reside with her, and take the charge of my little sister; but that I would make no promises. I waited for an answer to my note two days, but none coming, I spoke to my father, and said, if agreeable, I should wish to remain in his house. He inquired why I had changed my plan, and I told him that my aunt declined receiving me. He went directly to her, and she irri-

tated him so much against me, that he informed me on his return, that now his resolution was taken, and he should send Lord G— word that his offer was accepted. It was in vain that I protested against such a step, and promised never to marry without his consent, if he would not oblige me to take a man I could not love; he was inexorable, having, he said, consulted his Maria, who saw no reason in the world why I should not love Lord G—, a man, she said, in the prime of life; at an age when men are the most likely to secure the affections of young women.

"This specimen of the part my mother-in-law was inclined to act, by no means reconciled me to remaining at General T—'s, and I again applied to Lady Y—: but she was still determined, and I was obliged to consent to stay with my father. I was not long after told by my father, that the Earl of G— would wait on me the following day, and at the same time

commanded me to receive him with politeness, as my foolish conduct had rendered it necessary, for the honour of my family, to have me immediately settled. It was in vain that I begged and intreated, and even promised to think no more of Captain Orme, if I might be allowed to remain single; my father said that the Earl was impatient, and that in the present state of my mind the sooner the ceremony was over the better. He then again commanded me to receive the Earl favourably, and left me very wretched.

"I would have gone to my aunt the next day, but I was told that the General's orders were, that I should not leave my room till the Earl arrived.

"Having taken my resolution, I went down to the Earl as soon as he was announced, and my father looked pleased with my prompt appearance. The Earl expressed his happiness, at the prospect of an union, which he was led to hope was not disagreeable to me; he appeared

satisfied with himself and his eloquence, and perhaps with my silence: and my father left us alone, fully persuaded that he had conquered my resolution.

"I knew that my father was going to his Maria, and I waited till I heard his carriage depart before I spoke, I then stopt the Earl in the midst of a very eloquent speech, and requested him to hear me. He bowed over my hand, which he held in spite of me, and awaited my communication with perfect self-satisfaction.

"My Lord!" said I, "I cannot love you, and I therefore cannot marry you."

"His Lordship's surprise at this declaration was so great, that he let fall my hand and rose from his seat. "Not love me, Miss T---?" said he, "Not love me?" "No, my Lord," replied I, trembling with fear, for he looked very angry, but I felt as if my future destiny depended on my resolution, and I spoke as firmly as I could.

"Then give me leave, capricious

woman, to ask why I was brought here, and why the General exposed me, to become the amusement of a---a---"

"My Lord," said I, still more frightened, "if you will listen patiently, I will tell you how I am situated." He threw himself into his chair, swelling with vexation, and bowed his head to signify to me that I might proceed.

"Without meaning, my Lord, any bad compliment to yourself," said I, "the disparity in your years will be a sufficient reason for my not being able to give you my affections."

"Disparity!" interrupted he, colouring deeply; "Disparity! how impertinent."

"My Lord," said I, "it was not my intention to be impertinent, nor can I see how so simple a truth can be so. But if you do not think *that* a reason, I will confess that before my father proposed your Lordship to me, I had received other attentions more agreeable."

" And did the General know this, Miss T---?" asked he.

" My father has refused the gentleman," replied I, " and he wished me to transfer my affections, but, my Lord, I cannot, I really cannot. And all I beg of your Lordship, is, to withdraw your persecutions." " Undoubtedly, Madam, I shall oblige you," replied he, rising and ringing for his carriage. " Spite of my age, Miss T---, I do not doubt to find ladies as young, as well born, and as well bred as General T---'s daughter, who can and will readily too, give me an undisputed heart, and a joyful welcome." So saying, he bowed low, and left me comparatively happy, for I was persuaded I should see him no more. I retired to my own room as soon as he was gone, and employed myself in considering how I should keep my promise with Captain Orme, of whom I determined to take leave for the present, and to wait till happier days to enjoy his society.

The next day being Wednesday, I determined not to fail in my appointment, for I felt I should be easier when I had told him not to expect me to meet him again, and I was during the morning, in a terrible fright lest my father should come to me in consequence of the Earl's dismissal. I however heard nothing of him, and at half past ten I set off for St. ---'s church, attended by my woman.

She had brought the key of our pew, and as I found Captain Orme in the aisle, we entered the seat and conversed in a low voice, without attracting any notice. I told him all that had happened, and added my resolution not again to be guilty of so great an impropriety as meeting him clandestinely. It was in vain that he urged me to change it, I was inexorable, but I agreed to receive a letter from him, sent under cover to my woman, as he was in daily expectation that his regiment would be ordered to Flanders, and he was besides anxious to hear what fur-

ther passed between my father and myself. We separated sorrowfully enough, and I quitted the church first with my attendant, and immediately returned home.

"I am very far, my dear Anarella, from intending to recommend any such proceeding to you, even if you should fancy it necessary; nor do I think I was at all correct in agreeing to meet Captain Orme any where but at my father's house. But at the time I did not see things in the same light I do now, and not expecting any thing but unkindness from my father, and my aunt, perhaps I flew the more eagerly to one whom I valued, and who certainly loved me very sincerely. I leave you to decide whether I was excusable or not. But to go on with my story, which I fear you will think tedious. As I heard nothing of my father that day, I took it for granted that the Earl had told him what had passed, and that he was happily too busy or too much of-

fended to reproach me. The next morning, my aunt, Lady Y——, called, and dismissing my woman, who was employed in my room, she began in the following manner.

"Miss T—, I am ashamed of you! never did I imagine, weak, foolish girl, that a daughter of the house of T--- could disgrace her family as you have done."

"This address made me imagine that she had by some means learnt my clandestine interview with Captain Orme, and being somewhat ashamed of it myself, and provoked that it should be known, I looked I believe like a condemned criminal. My air of contrition somewhat softened her. "I am glad to see, Miss T---, that you are ashamed of your conduct," continued she, "and I hope it will never be repeated."

"Indeed," said I, weeping bitterly, "it never shall."

"Well now, my dear Miss T---, that is very rational in you," said she, "and

more, much more than I expected. I don't wonder that you repented of what is enough to break any girl's heart to think of, and I am glad to have to report to the General——"

"Good God! my dear aunt, the General surely does not know?"

"How! not know, child?" replied my aunt, "why how should he avoid it? the Earl of course told him all."

"This removed a weight from my mind, for I found I had misunderstood my aunt, but I said nothing. She went on to tell me that the Earl had written a very angry letter to the General, complaining of my want of good manners, and his want of honour; that at first a duel nearly took place, but that she happened to hear of it through Maria, and had made up the quarrel, the Earl consenting to retract his charge, on the General assuring him, that it was his most earnest wish to see me Countess of G---, and that if he had any authority, he might promise himself

that he should receive my hand in a few days. " In these cases," continued she, " sincerity is every thing. I told the Earl that fellow Orme stood in his way, and he left me to speak to the —— in —— to have him disposed of. And now child, as you are sensible of your error, I shall take you with me to my house, and send to the Earl to dine with us; I am quite sure that you will be perfectly happy when the ceremony is over, and even if you disliked it, you must marry the Earl now, to save your father's life.

" It was in vain that I protested and vowed I never would marry the Earl, I was loaded with reproaches, and dragged into Lady Y---'s carriage, where I fainted. When I got to her house, I was so ill and so terrified, that she was compelled to let me remain in my own room, and how she entertained the Earl, I don't know.

" The next day I sent my woman home, with orders not to return till she had a

letter from Orme; and I refused to rise, asserting, and very truly, that I was ill. My aunt had a long conference with the Earl, who was told that I would receive his visit the following evening, and she came to prepare me to give my consent to the marriage. "If you delay it a month, Miss T---, it must take place at last," said she, "and I have given my advice, that you shall meet the Earl for the first time, with his special licence, and his chaplain at hand."

"This expression struck me exceedingly, and I did not doubt that it was intended to make me Countess of G---, on the following evening. I was silent, however, and my aunt, who probably thought she had said more than she ought, quitted the room. My woman returned soon after, with a short letter from Captain Orme, informing me, that instead of the regiment being ordered to Flanders, it was now destined to the East-Indies, and he intreated me to unite my destiny to his immediate-

ly. He said he had but just received his orders, that he could have leave of absence for a few days, and that if I would trust myself with him, he would convey me to the house of a female relative, where we might take such steps as seemed most advisable. He said, that if I could consent to be his wife, he would wait for me where we had before met.

"I hope I shall be pardoned, if the circumstances I was in, induced me to trust myself rather to a man, whose honour I had no reason to doubt, than to those who had shewn that my happiness was the least of their consideration. Necessity is truly said to be the mother of invention; and I may add, that tyranny is the father of artifice. I got up early the next morning, and ordering my woman to remain in the anti-chamber till eleven, and then lock the door and follow me to a place I named, and where I intended to leave a note for her, I wrapped myself in my cloak, and got out of the house un-

perceived by my aunt. I had not gone far, when I perceived Captain Orme approaching. He immediately recognised me, and was about to put me in a chair, when my father suddenly appeared. I think, I never suffered more acute pain than at that moment; he demanded why I was there? why I was with the Captain? and fifty other *why's* in a hurried manner. The extremity of my situation gave me courage: I told him that I had learnt his intention from my aunt; that I was resolved to die rather than marry Lord G—, and that Captain Orme was about to convey me to the house of his aunt. My father bid me enter the chair, but I refused, saying, that I begged he would allow Captain Orme and myself to walk home with him. This he agreed to, and not to tire you with too many particulars, he, before night, consented to give me the five thousand pounds, on condition that the Captain should take me with him to India.

To this he had no objection; we were married in less than a week, and I soon after bade adieu to England, and to a parent, whose only kind act to me was sending me from him. As to the Earl of G—, my aunt, who would never see me, appeased him, and soon after my departure, my father married his Maria.

CHAP. XXX.

Conclusion of Mrs. St. Arno's History.

"The life of an officer with a small income and a young wife, is necessarily as quiet and retired as his situation will allow it to be, and my own disposition suited well to the lot that had fallen to me.

"During the first three years of my marriage, I enjoyed as much happiness probably, as ever woman did; and my husband gave me every reason to bless the circumstances that had almost forced me into his arms. I became the mother of a little girl whom we both fondly loved, and her death was the first adverse stroke we suffered. About that time a family came to reside where we were stationed, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Forbin. The gentleman

had made an immense fortune in India, and was about to return with his wife and three young children to England. He was considered a very liberal, and even extravagant man, and his lady, who was a rich widow when he married her, exceeded the exceeding luxury of British Indians. I ought to describe her person to you, according to the true style of story-telling, but I fear I have little talent that way; however I will try.

"She was about twenty-five years of age, of a middle stature, well made, and exceedingly graceful in her movements. Her face was striking and pretty, but I thought the first time I saw her, that there was an expression of great unhappiness in it, for which I could not account, as she seemed on the happiest terms with her husband. Her eyes were very dark and brilliant, and her hair very fine. Her mother had been a half cast, and the daughter's complexion was rather dark.

"We became very intimate, and Mr. Forbin pointed out some methods by which Captain Orme, who was soon after Major Orme, might increase his income: he offered to lend him money to make the venture, but Orme was afraid of running any risk, that in the event of his death, might leave me in very unpleasant circumstances. The intimacy, however, that subsisted principally between the gentlemen, involved us in more expense than I thought prudent, and I told the Major that we must decline giving and receiving so many dinners. He looked dissatisfied, and replied, that as the Forbins would go to England by the first ships, it would soon be over; he would rather not make any alteration during their stay. As he was almost always with them when we did not ask them to dine with us, and as I thought he was particularly enjoying himself, I acquiesced in silence.

"My own delicate health, which was

somewhat affected by the climate, kept me more at home, and Mrs. Forbin often brought my husband home in her carriage, when he had passed the day there, for the purpose, she said, of asking me how I was.

" One day we were to give a dinner to a large party of officers, and the Forbins and I, mentioned the night before to my husband, that there were a few things which I feared we should not be able to get. " My dear Helen," said he, " don't think about any thing; I have ordered the man to go to Mrs. Forbin, for any thing that is wanting; she will supply us plate, or any thing else."

" I believe I looked as if I did not approve this arrangement, for he changed colour, and asked what possible objection I could have. " My objection," said I, " is a very natural one, I dislike unnecessary obligation."

" Nonsense, Helen," replied he, " obligation to so superior a woman as Mrs. Forbin is a pleasure." I did not feel sa-

tisfied, but I made no reply, and the day arrived on which our guests were to visit us. My husband, who had not breakfasted with me, came into my room, when I was dressing, and tying a string of pearls of considerable value, round my neck, he wished me health to wear them. Though very sensible to the kindness of his intention, I was startled at the value of his present, and while I thanked him, I looked concerned.

"Don't let their cost frighten you, Helen," said he, "they were sent you by Mrs. Forbin."

"Bless me, my dear, how could you allow me to accept things of so much value?" said I, "I shall, with your permission, return them, for as we really cannot afford to make presents, I am particularly cautious not to receive them."

"Indeed, child, you will not have my permission," said he, "wear them in peace, and be assured that the noble-minded donor will never expect any return. Oh!

Helen, you do not know and value that extraordinary woman as she deserves! You would not deal with her as with ordinary mortals! If you knew the way in which she speaks of you, you would clasp her to your heart, as the greatest blesing God ever sent you."

"Not while my husband lives," said I, bursting into tears.

"My dear girl, how this climate enervates and weakens you," cried the Major, "come, compose yourself, dry your eyes, and wear your pearls, if it is only to keep my diamond in countenance (at the same time shewing me a valuable ring that Mrs. Forbin had given him)."

"You may believe that this did not please me more than the pearls had done, and though I could not condescend to be jealous of my husband's affections, I thought them in danger. I began to see that Mrs. Forbin's love of general admiration would ensnare Major Orme, before he was aware, as the lady had taken him

by his weak side, and professing to feel an extraordinary admiration for, and attachment to, his wife, she was aiming at securing all his attentions to herself. I determined to watch her behaviour at dinner, and I met my company for the first time since my marriage, with a heart oppressed with grief. Her conduct convinced me that I was not mistaken. Though surrounded by a host of admirers, she had no eyes, no ears, but for him; and I was relieved when dinner was over, from a state of great suffering. As I stood while the ladies were quitting the room, a sudden faintness came over me, and my husband, who was looking after Mrs. Forbin, saw that I was ill. He caught me as I was staggering to a seat, and when I recovered, I found he was uttering the most heartfelt lamentations over me. I believe I smiled and pressed his hand, for I heard Mrs. Forbin, in a half-voice, say to him, "pretty little dears, how tender the lovers are."

"This produced the effect she desired: the Major ceased to support me; he laid me on the pillow, and quitted the room.

"These particulars may serve to shew you the sort of torment I suffered during some months, and Mrs. Forbin at last began to insult and try to irritate me on every occasion; but I felt that my husband was in her power, and I acted with so much circumspection, that she could not with any reason teach him to despise me. I remember once that she tried to vex me by drawing a comparison between my mental powers and her own, which certainly were very superior, but I only smiled; and when she at last called me a mere automaton, I replied that I had at least one virtue—I was not mischievous. My husband was struck with my reply, and rising from his seat, he took me under his arm and left the house. Mrs. Forbin acted a woman in despair very well, but we did not turn back, and it

was two days before she renewed her visits.

"When the time for the departure of the Forbins arrived, I was excessively chagrined to find that they had delayed it, as the lady declared herself convinced that in her present state of health, so long a voyage would be too much for her. She was adored by her husband, who never contradicted her, and her artifice was so great, that he thought her an exemplary wife.

"More time elapsed, and at the end of some months my husband told me that he was sensible of his own error, and my forbearance. "But, my dear girl," said he, "I confess that I have without consulting you, borrowed money of Mr. Forbin, and till I can discharge the debt, I entreat you to bear with his wife. Her influence over me is passed for ever; her magic has lost its force; and I even think she is transferring it to another."

"I was too happy not to promise any thing the Major wished, and he went soon after into the field, from whence he returned safe and unhurt.

"I was some years in India without hearing any thing from my father, who was too much occupied with his young wife to have any thoughts to bestow on his daughter. At length the news of his death reached us, and we prepared to return to England to claim my fortune, which with my husband's half-pay would be sufficient for our wishes. I was particularly anxious to see my sister, who often wrote to me, and I pleased my imagination with the idea of passing many happy years with her. But an event happened, that detained me in India.

"We were dining with a friend previous to our departure, which was already fixed, when as we sat enjoying the cool breezes on the lawn, a tiger suddenly darted among us. I had an umbrella in my hand, which I suddenly opened, and by

that means saved the life of one of the party. One of the gentlemen had pistols, and he discharged one in so unfortunate a direction, that he wounded Major Orme, while the tiger was pursued and slain.

"I will not give you the pain of listening to a detail of both bodily and mental sufferings: it was not long before I was a widow; and a severe illness, occasioned by grief and fatigue, prevented me from quitting a country now become disagreeable. I was in the house of a friend, to whose cares and attentions I owe my life; and when I began again to mix in society, she was solicitous to select such individuals as she thought best suited to my taste and disposition.

"By degrees I regained my composure, and on my return to Europe, I took charge of my friend's little girl, who was now too old to remain in India. I found my sister a fine young woman, under the care of a celebrated governess, who kept an academy, my aunt being dead; and after

claiming and taking possession of my fortune, I took my sister home, and completed her education.

"She was a charming girl, and during the years we lived together, rendered me very happy by her affection. When she married, I left England with my little charge, and took her to visit her father's relations, who lived in Switzerland. I found the child's health declining, and wrote to request her parents not to delay their voyage home, for I had received intelligence that they purposed returning. All my cares were, however, fruitless; she died before their arrival; and as I found my residence at Lausanne very agreeable, I remained there to receive them. When they came, Mrs. St. Arno was very ill; and she did not long survive. But this was not the only stroke I suffered. I was summoned to England to my sister, who died in the prime of life, and about a year and a half after that, I married Mr. St. Arno.

"We lived on the Continent, and my Anarella here, being almost an orphan, and given to our care, we passed a great part of our time in travelling. I need not remind my niece that we had the misfortune to lose our friend and kind companion about three years ago, and as I had some business to settle in England, I chose soon after to bring her here. We have led a sort of wandering life 'tis true, but it is not without a plan.

"You may, perhaps, be curious to know what became of my ancient lover and my young mamma. She did not gratify my father by bringing him an heir, but she contrived to keep up his hopes of one, and he left her every sort of property he could alienate from us. The Earl of G—, who had taken my evident and violent dislike very much to heart, lived single some years; but, in less than a year after my father's death, his widow became Countess of G—, no doubt very happy to have thus secured herself a title.

" A life of dissipation put an end to her existence a few months before the Earl died.

" You see, Sir, that like the rest of the world, I have had my cares. I have now, I think, but one," said she, looking tenderly at her niece, " and when that ceases, I am, I trust, ready to resign my life, thankful for the blessings I have enjoyed, and that my trials have not been greater."

CHAP. XXXI.

Mrs. St. Arno displays some Philosophy.

HAVERILL expressed his obligation to Mrs. St. Arno, for allowing him to share with her niece, in the pleasure of listening to the story of her trials. "They have, I think, been severe enough," said he, "and I cannot help admiring the happy, natural disposition that enabled you to bear them with so much equanimity. Such a temperament is indeed a blessing! Would I could feel less! Would I could be composed as you are!

"My good friend," said Mrs. St. Arno, "you talk as if my sufferings were as recent as probably your's are, and as if you were ignorant of the effects of time. You will find a few years hence, be they what they may, that you will be

able to relate what now disturbs you with as much composure as I have exhibited, at least I hope you will."

"It may be so," said Haverill, "and I hope it may! if I am doomed to a long life!"

"It will, perhaps, be a happy life after all," replied Mrs. St. Arno, "but, as I do not know the nature of your complaints, I cannot judge how you are at present to escape from them. I am not saying this by way of begging to know, Sir, I will wait, and though a woman, patiently."

So saying, Mrs. St. Arno rang for tea, and left the room, that Haverill might not be under the necessity of answering her. As to him, he had relapsed into a fit of abstraction, and had thrown himself upon the sopha unmindful of Miss St. Arno, who sat in such a direction that she had a full view of his countenance, and her gentle heart felt deeply for him.

"His look, his manner, all tells that he is more sinned against than sinning," said

she to herself, "and I cannot but wonder, that any woman could use such a man ill. I think he grows handsomer every day, and certainly more agreeable. Well, we must stay in this neighbourhood, I suppose, a few days---we shall see him again then! he cannot be ungrateful, and I am sure he must love my aunt! every body loves her! *I wonder who the lady was!*"

These last words she unwittingly uttered aloud, and in so earnest a voice, that Haverill raised his head, and looking steadily at her, said, "If I could have told you, Miss St. Arno, you would not have had to ask now! Have patience, have patience! a little, a very little while will tell you all."

"Bless me! how could I be so incautious?" said Anarella, "Believe me, sir! to ask any thing about you, was very far from my intentions! indeed it was!"

To this, Haverill made no reply; he had again sunk into a reverie, from which,

the entrance of the tea; and the return of Mrs. St. Arno, disturbed him.

Broadhead said, the water got off so fast, that he was in hopes the poor beasts might drag the carriage up the hill sooner than they had talked of, and this news seemed to revive Mr. Haverill; he recovered himself sufficiently to support an agreeable conversation during the rest of the evening, and the ladies, when they retired, left him seated by the fire, with no companions but the supper things, which Broadhead forgot to fetch when he knew his mistress had retired, and a fire pretty nearly extinguished. In this situation—but as what befel him is more remarkable than any thing we have yet recorded, we shall reserve it for a new chapter.

CHAP. XXXII.

providential Reverie, and its extraordinary Interruption.—Mr. Haverill's courageous Conduct, and its Consequences.

Mr. Haverill, as we related at the close of our last chapter, was left alone in the parlour at Rose Cottage, and the servants having retreated to their beds, perfect stillness soon pervaded the whole house. Haverill, who had determined if possible to sleep at C— the following night, sat with his feet on the fender, and his eyes fixed on the almost expiring fire, engaged in deep reflection, and his reverie was interrupted only by the crackling noise the cooling coals made, or the occasional flashing of lumps of snow out of doors, which were disengaged from the roof of the cottage, or the trees that surrounded it.

All was favourable to meditation, and Haverill was so deeply engaged, that he took no notice of the hours as they struck, or of his candle that stood on the table behind him, and seemed much inclined to follow the example of the coals in the grate, and be extinct. Haverill's meditation on his affairs, led him to the consideration of means of defence if he should be attacked, and he felt strongly inclined to go and load his pistols, that he might not by any chance forget to do so on the following day. But, a strong reluctance to move, an extraordinary wakefulness overcame his care for the morrow, and turning his head to observe the candle, which wanted his care very much, he took notice that the supper things were not removed. He took up the carving knife, and poising it in his hand, he thought to himself that a man, would need no better defence if he were attacked. Again the pistols were recollected, and he thought he had better remember to load them be-

fore he went to bed. He laid the knife down on the table close by him, and took out his watch, which he wound up. He was lighting a bed candle in order to retire, when he heard the dog, whose voice had before been instrumental in saving his life; by guiding him through the snow, bark and howl tremendously.

"What can the matter be?" said he to himself; "surely no one is robbing poor Taffle! If they are, this (taking up the knife again) may be useful." The dog was suddenly quiet, and Haverill stood listening if there was any extraordinary noise, as he would not go to bed till he had ascertained that all was still. In a very short time, which however appeared a sufficiently long one to him, he thought he heard steps approaching at the back part of the premises; and in a few seconds he was certain he was not mistaken. It seemed to him that there could not be less than three or four people by the noise their feet made in the wet gravel, and,

conceiving the idea that the only hope of safety for the whole family must be in attacking them as they entered, he extinguished his candle, and waited for them at the door of the parlour which opened almost close to the back door, and from whence he could make a blow at them with the carving knife as they advanced.

Haverill was a man of great courage, and we beg leave to assure our readers, that on this occasion he waited for the enemy with all the coolness and determination any hero either of ancient or modern times could have done. The door was opened very cautiously and quietly, as it appeared with a key, and no opposing bolts had been drawn to keep out unwelcome intruders. As it was pushed back he heard the person advancing first say to the others, "Give me the lantern, I will shew you the room, but don't disturb the women." He recognized the voice of Mr. Taffle, and, as he advanced, he made a cut at the lower part of his body

with the knife, which did its duty, for Taffle fell uttering a groan, and the light fell too. The person who was following Taffle had not seen Haverill's arm either in giving the stroke or withdrawing his weapon, and he came forward to pick up the dark lantern, hoping, probably, that the light was not out, or might be blown in again. Haverill struck at random; but he found, by an exclamation, that he had wounded the second man, whether dangerously or not he could not guess. And now a sort of scuffle ensued, for the man last hurt seized our hero, who disengaged his fighting arm and his weapon, and made another cut at his opponent, who, if Haverill had been in strong health, would have been no match for him. At the same moment the man from behind discharged a pistol, which happily missed our hero, and lodged its contents in the body of his opponent. He loosed his hold on Haverill, and exclaimed, "D—n you! you have shot me."

Haverill retreated within the parlour door, and found that his knife, having met with some hard substance, was bent, he straightened it again with his foot, while a second pistol was fired towards him, for though he had not spoken, his movements were not so still, but they in some measure directed the enemy. It grazed his shoulder as he was rising, and he again aimed a blow in the direction the pistol came from. "D—n this dead villain! we are betrayed!" said the same voice that had spoken before, "we must retreat." He then attempted to rise, in which he was assisted by one of the men that followed him, at least so Haverill conjectured, and he again aimed a blow, which he found had wounded the third man. The fellow uttered a muttered oath, and, leaving to his comrade to help out their leader, and drag out Taffle, which the other wounded man commanded, he grappled with Haverill, and even succeeded in wresting the knife from him. At that moment the as-

sailants fired a third pistol, which wounded their comrade, who let fall the knife, and staggered after his companions, who had by this time reached the outside of the door.

Haverill lost no time in closing it after them, and securing it by two large bolts, which had been previously left open. He would have pursued them if he had had any assistance, but, though three pistols had been fired, and the exclamations of the men had been loud enough to be heard by a part of the family, nobody came down to him, and he began to fear Broadhead was in the secret.

In this, however, he was mistaken. That illustrious character had entertained Mr. Taffle in the kitchen that evening, and had imbibed a more than double portion of ale. This rendered him so drowsy, that if the people Mr. Taffle piloted had met with no more opposition than he was prepared to give them, they might have ransacked the house at leisure. Spite of

the noise, he continued snoring in his bed, unconscious of the companion fate or fear had sent him, who was no other than the fair Mrs. Dunn. That tender maiden no sooner heard the report of a pistol, than she leapt from her bed, and running to the nearest place of refuge, she entered Broadhead's room, and crept into his bed where she fainted, and thus failed to disturb him.

But, this chapter having been a very active and laborious one, we feel ourselves inclined to lay down the pen, and recruit our spirits, before we describe what passed at Rose Cottage after the bloody fight of the carving knife.

CHAP. XXXIII.

What happened at the Cottage after the Battle. And a new Bond.

As soon as Haverill had fastened the door, he sought for his fallen knife, and having found it, he entered the parlour, and taking the candle in his hand, groped his way to the kitchen, where there was yet fire enough left to light it again, though not without some little trouble. On his return to the passage, he saw, by the quantity of blood that remained, that his adversaries must have been severely wounded, and as he conjectured that Mrs. and Miss St. Arno were detained in their room by fear, he went to the door and tapped gently with his finger. No answer was returned, and he then called to them, assuring them they were safe, and begging to be admitted.

The door was opened by Mrs. St. Arno, who started back with horror when she saw our hero's figure. His face, his hands, and his garments, were much stained with blood; his wig and his neck-cloth had been torn off in the scuffle; in one hand he carried the bloody knife, and in the other the candle.

Mrs. St Arno started back with horror when she saw him, while Anarella stood with her hands firmly clasped in the middle of the room, and as he began to assure her aunt that the danger was over, she exclaimed in a voice almost inarticulate from emotion, " Then you are not wounded! Thank God!"

" I hardly know whether I am or not," replied Haverill, " but I fear your man is not to be trusted! have you courage to accompany me to his room? the way in which he receives us will tell much! if indeed we find him there."

" We must have courage!" said Mrs. St. Arno, and they all three entered

Broadhead's room, where they found him snoring away very comfortably. Haverill held the candle to his face to ascertain whether his sleep was real or feigned, and the strong light coming just at the time the effects of the ale were diminishing, he began to rub his eyes, and at last opened them. No sooner did he perceive our hero such as we have described him, than fancying that it was a murderer, come to demand first his money and then his life, he attempted to rise from his bed, and would have jumped on the floor, but he felt himself held by the legs. His fear was now redoubled, for he imagined it was the devil in person who was assisting his enemies, and he yelled with fright.

At the same moment that he sat like a maniac at one end of the bed, the face of Mrs. Dunn appeared at the other, divested of all adventitious ornament, for she had lost her nightcap, and her red hair hung about in perfect disorder.

She had just recovered her senses, and the first use she made of them, was to play the treble of a scream to Broadhead's yell. It was in vain that Mrs. St. Arno endeavoured to pacify them! in vain that she demanded of Dunn how she came there! The screaming continued, and at last Haverill, who began to feel faint, said the best way was to leave them. To this, the ladies, however unwilling, were under the necessity of consenting, and they turned all their attention to succouring their defender.

Mrs. St. Arno examined his shoulder, and as the wound appeared a trifle, and the bullet had merely grazed him, she bandaged it up for him in a very expert way, while Anarella went down stairs to fetch a cordial, which her aunt insisted on his swallowing. The reader may easily imagine Miss St. Arno's sensations at the sight of the scene of action, and perhaps, nothing but the idea of saving a life by procuring what was, or seemed to be, ab-

solutely necessary, could have induced her to go through the passage. Having, however, got what she went in search of, she returned to her friends, who saw her horror in her countenance.

"Oh, Sir! dear Sir! what a scene!" cried she to Haverill, "How eternally grateful must we be to you for saving us from such wretches! What should we have done if you had left us?

"Perhaps," said Haverill, "they would not have attacked you, if I had not been here."

"How so?" asked both ladies at once.

"One of them, whom by his voice I knew to be Taffle," replied Haverill, "said he would shew them the room, but begged they would not disturb the women; from which I conjecture that I must have been the object of attack, as there was no other room but yours and those of the servants."

"But why should any body attack

you?" asked Mrs. St. Arno, "they must surely have designed to murder as well as rob you!"

"Probably," replied Haverill, fixing his eyes with a look of ferocity not at all natural to him on Anarella, "probably murder was their sole aim! but, this time he is disappointed."

The ladies looked the question "Who?" but they neither of them spoke, and Haverill did not gratify their curiosity: he said he would go and wash himself, and would return to them as soon as he was clean to consult upon the measures to be pursued.

The first thing he did when he reached his room was to load his pistols, he then looked at himself in the glass, and he could not but own, that his appearance was enough to make even a bold man start. He almost started himself, and could not help admiring the sort of watchfulness that had prevented him from retiring to rest, and the extraordinary fa-

tality of the supper things being left contrary to the general custom. "Had I pursued my usual habit," said he to himself, "I should have been in bed, naked and defenceless, and thus have fallen a victim before I had revenged my wrongs." He then tried to recollect where it was he had heard the voice of the second man who spoke, but in vain! He could not find any connecting link in his mind, though he was certain the voice was not unknown to him. As soon as he had washed himself and changed his linen, he determined, that before he went back to the ladies, he would descend and view the passage, and examine again if the doors were safe. He accordingly did so, and wondered anew at his escape, when he perceived the narrow field on which the action had passed. Perhaps, howver, that very circumstance saved him; for, the passage being narrow, he could not well fail to reach any object he struck at. The floor was much covered with

blood; and even the walls were stained with it. His own wig and cravat were lying near the door, as if dragged there by the weight of Taffle's body, which in its retreat had passed over them; and there was besides a silver mounted pistol; it had two barrels, and both had been recently discharged.

Haverill was going away to wash the blood off the pistol, when he perceived something like a stick, which, upon inspection, proved to be a black leather case or sheath, out of which he drew a knife, with a short thick handle, and a very broad, sharp, two-edged blade.

"And this, doubtless was my portion!" said he to himself, "Let him who sent it, beware!"

When Mr. Haverill had washed both his prizes in the kitchen, where he thought proper to renew the fire, he was preparing to return to the ladies, when he thought he heard some one approaching. He listened with some alarm, for he

imagined that though but three or four had entered the house, there were probably more of the company in the neighbourhood. This time, however, he had nothing to fear, for it was only Anarella.

"My dear Miss St. Arno!" said Haverill, in a sort of reproachful tone, "Is it you? How could you come down again?"

"My aunt sent me," replied she, gasping with terror, "We have been listening this last quarter of an hour, to some movements without doors, at the front of the house. There are several feet, and my aunt thinks at least two horses. My aunt wishes you would come. For pity's sake," continued she, "don't leave us any more! we shall die with fright!"

Haverill perceived that she could hardly stand or support herself, and though he had but little strength to spare, he allowed her to lean on his arm, and her head fell on his shoulder. Then suddenly raising it, and releasing his

arm, "How selfish!" said she, "How could I for a moment forget your wound? How you must hate me!"

"No, never! dear Miss St. Arno! never!" replied Haverill, "Affliction has knit a bond between us, that I feel, spite of my dislike to your sex, can never be broken. Come, lean on me! you don't hurt me! it is my right shoulder that is hurt. Come! let us make haste to your dear and valuable aunt."

"Never?" repeated Anarella, with a voice of pleasure; then accepting his proffered arm, they returned together to Mrs. St. Arno, Anarella weeping bitterly all the time, to her own great relief and the satisfaction of her companion, who began to think that fear had disturbed her senses!

CHAP. XXXIV.

More Particulars of what happened at Rose Cottage.

"I HAVE been listening," said the old lady, "and while Anarella had the light, I peeped through the window-shutter. They are gone through the wood, the direct road to Pont-y-V—, and probably hope to pass through there unperceived at this early hour."

"Could you see them?" asked Haverill.

"I saw their light, and a horse with two men on it, one supporting the other. This was probably the wounded man," replied the old lady. "The man who carried the lantern rode on another horse before them."

"Then what have they done with Taffle?" I'm certain I killed him!" said Haverill; "I could not be mistaken in that groan."

"I should imagine from the time that has elapsed since their retreat, that they may have thrown his body from a tremendous precipice there is near the road you came, behind the house," replied the old lady; I cannot otherwise account for the delay."

"Probably!" said Haverill, "I wish I had thought of that! I might have found the wounded man alone. If Broadhead could be roused, we might yet pursue them and ascertain—"

"Oh, for God's sake forbear!" said Anarella; "Why should you run into danger?"

"Why should I not?" said Haverill, "Can it signify what becomes of a wretch like me!"

"They are gone now," cried Mrs. St. Arno," and I doubt not we are for this

night safe. As soon as it is day, I shall make Broadhead put to the horses, and we will leave the spot with all possible speed. I certainly cannot admit Taffle's wife or daughter again, and as the circumstances are very mysterious, I intend to impart them to a magistrate at Pont-y-V—, and swear to my deposition. We can lock up the house, and the landlord shall receive his full rent for the quarter, this will reconcile him to the state we leave it in."

Haverill seemed to approve her plan, and he then shewed her the pistol and the knife, which he desired her to examine, that she might be able, as well as himself, to swear to them on any future occasion. The knife appeared quite new, with a common bone handle, on which was marked the price in ink. The pistol was, as we said before, silver mounted, and had a cypher engraved on it, which was so intricately contrived, and in one part so nearly obliterated, that had not Ha-

verill's strong suspicions assisted his vision, he would not have been able to guess what it was. These suspicions, however, he did not communicate to his companions, but after having submitted the weapons to their inspection, he put them along with the carving knife in his own portmanteau, and then by the desire of Mrs. St. Arno, he went again into Broadhead's room, to try to persuade him to rise and assist the ladies in packing what belonged to them.

He found the poor man lying on his back as helpless as if he had lost the use of his limbs, with his eyes staring, strong marks of profound fear on his countenance, and uttering short and smothered groans, as if exhausted by his former exertions. Mrs. Dunn, whose whole weight lay on his legs, had her head thrust out at the lower corner of the bed, and might very well have passed for a maniac, from her wild and terrified looks, her long dishevelled hair, and the rapid

way in which she incessantly repeated, "He has killed me, he has killed me! oh!"

Haverill walked up to the bed, and exhorted Broadhead to get up. "The danger is over," said he, "get up directly, your mistress has occasion for you." "Oh! I shall never get up again! no, never!" groaned the poor man.

"Why what is the matter?" asked Haverill.

"I'm killed!" replied Broadhead.

"Killed! by whom?" said Haverill, putting the candle nearer him to see his face the better.

"By the bloody murderer as came to do for me!" cried Broadhead.

"This is mere fright," replied our hero calmly, "nobody has been in your room but myself and your mistress, and I insist on your getting up directly."

"Oh! I can't sir! I shall never get up no more!" was all the answer Ha-

verill could get. It was in vain that he assured Broadhead that the danger was past, that the murderer had never been up stairs, that he could not possibly be hurt, and that he must get up; the only answer he could extort, was "I'm a dead man!" or a loud groan.

He then tried his eloquence on Mrs. Dunn, whose face rested on the bed-stock. She raised it to look at Haverill, still repeating "He has killed me! oh!" "My good woman," said Haverill, "you are not hurt! pray do leave this room and go to your own."

"Aye, I knows vat for you villain!" cried Dunn.

"Only to dress yourself," said Haverill, "your lady is up and wants you."

"No, it is not to dress myself, it is to bury me; you know you want to hide me! I know you though you have a vashed your face! you've kill'd me you murdering villain, you know you have, oh!"

"Killed you Dunn! why don't you

know you're alive and talking?" said Haverill rather impatiently, "this is the absurdest idea I ever heard of! are you mad?" "No, I'm not mad, you murderous thief! I'm a dead woman! I shall never be alive! I shall never talk no more!" "When that comes to pass," said Haverill, "I shall believe you are a dead woman; in the mean time, I bring you an order from your mistress to come to her directly, and if you do not you will be left here, that's all." So saying, he lighted Broadhead's candle and placed it on the drawers, and then returned to assist Mrs. St. Arno in filling the chaise seat and the boot box. But, now that the cause for fear was over, and her agitation had subsided, that good lady found the bad effects of the fright she had had; she was obliged to lie down on the bed, and Anarella and Haverill undertook to make all the preparations for their departure.

Before seven o'clock every thing was

ready, and Anarella prepared breakfast with a promptitude, and an expertness that convinced Haverill, she was not only qualified to amuse, but to be useful to society. Her natural tenderness of disposition, was heightened by the distressing circumstances in which her aunt was placed, and anxiety for that beloved friend seemed to swallow up every other care. The solicitude she had shewn for Haverill was now forgotten! She bent every nerve to forward her Aunt's departure, or procure her something to relieve her, and during the whole time not a selfish murmur or exclamation escaped her.

The first impression she had made on Haverill, had, from some painful association in his own mind, been one of dislike; the second, almost a contemptuous one! for he had mistaken the buoyant gaiety of a young and innocent mind for a sort of unfeeling levity, and not considering that strangers cannot be expected to sympathize deeply with woes they can only

guess at, he had imagined her proud and hard hearted.

The change in Anarella's manner, and even in her health, which had given so much concern to her aunt, had rendered her particularly interesting to Haverill, and as she had a fund of good sense and solid information, he found her, though a woman, a desirable companion. Even her wit and gaiety, when excited into action by her aunt's natural lively dispo-sition, were no longer displeasing to him, and he could not help owning to himself, that the noble-minded confidence both ladies had shewn in his honour and ho-nesty, in spite of the suspicious appear-ance the concealment of his name pro-duced, had created in his mind a respect and even a grateful affection for them that could never be obliterated. This affection was, however, equally warm to the aunt as to the niece, and had any body suggested to him that he might ever be brought to feel a preference of a

tenderer nature for Anarella, he would have replied "My esteem and gratitude would induce me to suffer any thing to serve her, but my heart is for ever impervious to that degrading passion that makes us the slaves of the least worthy and weakest part of the creation, and induces us to trust our honour and happiness to the caprice of a being, who lives only to the pleasures of the moment, and whose sole motive is selfish indulgence." Such would have been Mr. Haverill's answer, and his sincere opinion and feeling at the time we are speaking of; but as we are aware that such opinions may prejudice him in the minds of our fair readers, we hasten to other matters, and beg them not to condemn him till they have heard his story.

Anarella's present behaviour pleased him, and the more, because her feelings were in unison with his own, for he had forgotten self in the pleasure of being actively useful to his benefactress.

CHAP. XXXV.

A last Breakfast.--Friendship.—Conjectures and Suspicions.—A Departure.

THE three friends took their breakfast together for the last time, in Mrs. St. Arno's room, for their hearts revolted at the idea of going down to cat, and as they sat, they debated on what would be the most efficacious way to coax Dunn from her hiding-place.

"When she is once pacified," said Mrs. St. Arno; "and persuaded to retire, Broadhead will get up. Poor creature! I dare say the firing of the pistols made her seek shelter in the first inhabited room she found. I have no doubt in the world, that was the reason of her being found in Broadhead's room."

"And very natural too," said Anarella,

"if I had been alone, I should have run to call our friend here."

"I think I will go myself," said Mrs. St. Arno, "by this time they are probably more composed, and as we cannot stir without Broadhead, it is absolutely necessary to rouse them."

"As soon as he is up to protect the house," said our hero; but he was here interrupted by a smile from Anarella, who said, "You jest, Sir! poor Broadhead will never protect even himself! but I beg your pardon, what were you about to say?"

Haverill, who seemed now to know Anarella, and no longer attributed her smiles to levity, smiled in his turn, and, proceeded to say, that he thought it would be proper to go to the cottage and see in what state the Taffles were. In this Mrs. St. Arno agreed with him, and while that good lady went to conquer the fear of her domestics, our hero remained conversing with Anarella.

"This is probably the last time, my dear Miss St. Arno," said he, "that I shall have the happiness of a private interview with you; and I must make use of it to express the deep sense I have of the exceeding generosity, kindness, humanity, and even tenderness, with which I have been treated, during my residence here. I should have expressed this to your admirably noble-minded aunt, but I fear her nerves are already too much harassed, and as you seem to have but one soul between you, I am persuaded, that you will represent my sentiments to her, even more favourably than I could express them myself. You have saved my life! a thing I little value! had that been all, I should, it is true, have felt obliged for the intention: but you have done more! you have shewn me that women may be noble minded and generous, and have bound me to you for ever, by an honorable and unsuspicious conduct, that has made an impression on my

soul, which, perhaps, even death may not obliterate."

"Oh, Sir! what obligations we have to you!" interrupted the sobbing Anarella, "to-night! think of to-night! I shall ever regard you as the preserver of my aunt, without you she would have fallen a sacrifice to villains, and if I had survived such a stroke, I should have been the most forlorn and miserable of human beings! No, Sir! I shall never cease to, to, to feel, the strongest, the warmest gratitude to you."

"I believe you," said Haverill, viewing her sparkling eyes, and animated countenance, with a pleasure he had never before felt, "from my soul I believe you! Your soul shines in your face, and if likeness could create or constitute relationship; I would say it is my sister. Unsuspicious, generous, confiding! Oh! may it never be wrecked as mine has been! For your sake I will cease to hate

your sex, and not think, at least, I will try not to think all women—naught."

He then rose from his seat, and taking Anarella's trembling hand, he pressed it respectfully to his lips.

"We shall part at Pont-y-V——, Miss St. Arno," continued he, "and I will, therefore, now take leave of you, while there are no impertinent witnesses to misconstrue emotions, too pure, and too exalted for the understandings of the multitude. Whether I live or not, I beg you to remember me! You shall know my whole unhappy story, and in the hour of death it will be a pleasure to me to reflect, that the two beings I honor will recollect me with kindness." Anarella was so surprised and overpowered, that she returned no answer, but by smiling through her tears, and Haverill, taking from his pocket a small case, which contained a pearl hoop, and a valuable diamond ring, said, that he hoped she

and her aunt would not refuse him the favor of wearing them.

Anarella had put her handkerchief to her eyes, to conceal the violence of her emotion. Haverill put the pearl hoop on her finger, and closing the case, left it, with its contents, in her disengaged hand.

Their attention was then called to the encreasing noise in Broadhead's room, and they hastened there together. But what was Anarella's distress at seeing Dunn with one hand fixed on Broadhead's throat, and the other employed in bestowing sundry cuffs on the prostrate coachman. Mrs. St. Arno was endeavouring to appease her, but in vain, and Haverill seeing, that nothing but force would do, seized the enraged fair, and placed her on the floor. Her mistress and Anarella then threw the counterpane over her, and hurried her, talking like a maniac all the while, into her own room, where they obliged her to dress

herself and pack up her clothes, and Haverill persuaded Broadhead to do the same. He could not, however, prevail on him to tell how the affray began, and as neither of the parties ever confessed it, we cannot oblige our readers with communicating it.

A good deal of time was consumed before the domestics were ready, and then they would have had no breakfast, if Anarella had not set it before them. Broadhead was bid to go and feed and harness his horses, but no commands, nor entreaties could prevail on him to venture out without a companion, and as there did not appear to be any reason to fear a lurking enemy, Anarella agreed to stay in the house with Dunn, while her aunt accompanied Haverill to Taffle's cottage. They first, however, escorted Broadhead to the stable, where having living companions in his horses, he seemed reconciled to be left, and they then knocked at the door of the cottage. It,

was in vain that they knocked and called, no answer was given! all the windows were closed, and they had every reason to believe that the family had migrated in the night.

By the appearance of the ground Haverill conjectured, that there must have been more than two horses, and on the step of the cottage, as well as on that of Mrs. St. Arno's, were large marks of blood. Every circumstance of this affair, particularly the removal of Taffle's family convinced Haverill, that he was right in his suspicions, but he did not communicate them to his companion, and they returned to Anarella and her troublesome charge, to wait till Broadhead should bring the carriage. They were ready to depart, when they saw a person approaching on horseback, and to her great relief, Mrs. St. Arno discovered it to be her landlord. He was a respectable man, and remembering the inconveniences his former tenants had suffered from a similar state

of weather, he had that morning mounted his horse to ride to Rose cottage, and inquire after the present occupants.

He was thunderstruck at the state the house was in, and at the relation Mrs. St. Arno gave him, and professed himself at a loss to guess what could have become of the Taffles. He, however, declared his intention to cause the strictest inquiry to be made into the affair, and requested to see the gentleman visitor, who had so bravely defended the ladies. Mrs. St. Arno, who seemed to know how unpleasant the interview would be to Haverill, excused his not appearing, by saying that he was wounded, and could not be disturbed, and she then paid her rent, and delivered up every thing to the landlord, who on his part made no offer of abatement, but observed, it might be a sad business for him, as the house would get a bad name, and next year, perhaps, be without a tenant.

And now the carriage being at the door, Miss St. Arno and Broadhead put in the small parcels, and the landlord helped him with the boxes; then Anarella went up stairs to summon Haverill and Dunn. Haverill, with his hat drawn over his eyes, a large silk handkerchief tied over his chin, and his great coat close buttoned, to conceal the marks of blood on his garments, instantly obeyed, and handing Mrs. St. Arno into the carriage, he stood waiting for Anarella. Anarella, however, came not, and he stepped back into the passage to see what detained her: he found her on the lowest stair, holding the hand of Mrs. Dunn, and attempting to drag her forward, while that good lady pulled back with all her strength.

"For heaven's sake, come along, Dunn!" said Anarella; "my aunt is waiting for you; the blood can't hurt you."

"La! Miss, I never can cross he! I shid die! I shid die vor sure!" replied Dunn.

"How absurd!" cried Anarella: "how should the blood hurt you? I have passed over it half a dozen times, and it has not hurt me; pray, don't be such a fool."

"Fool or not fool, Miss Starno, I shan't go to cross he," said Dunn; "and it's not harting you goes vor nathing."

"Well!" said Anarella; "then I must leave you, for my aunt is waiting in the carriage: you must find your way to Pont-y-V—— as you can." So saying, she let go her hand, and darting forward, gave her own to Haverill, who led her to the carriage.

There was but one horror greater than crossing the passage, that was staying behind; so Dunn darted after her young mistress, but forgetting that she had two steps to go down, she fell, and made her nose bleed profusely. Her mistress waited

till she had washed her face, and she then mounted the barouche seat, and the carriage, preceded by the landlord on horseback, took the road to Pont-y-V——.

It was near eleven o'clock before they began their journey, and the dreadful and almost impassable road they had to go, made it impossible for the horses to proceed at more than a walking pace. More than once they were afraid that the carriage could not be dragged forward, and Broadhead, in his heart, cursed his mistress, for letting her own poor cattle have such work, when there were others to hire. At last, when they were very near the turning, that would have brought them into the direct road, the horses stood still, and Haverill began to fear that the extent of his journey that day would be to his old quarters. The landlord, who rode a tolerable horse, now offered to ride on, and send another pair of horses, when Haverill said, if he would allow him to take his horse on to Pont-

-y-V——, it would be a great convenience to him, and the ladies would be happy in his protection in the meanwhile. To this, flattered by the implied compliment from people so much his superiors, he with many bows consented, and Haverill, pressing the hands of his two female friends to his lips, bid them adieu with great emotion, and mounting the landlord's horse, he slung his portmanteau across his shoulders, and made the best of his way to Pont-y-V——; where he arrived in safety, and whence he immediately dispatched a pair of horses to relieve his companions. He then himself got into a post-chaise, and took the road to C——, driven by the same postillion who had before attended him, and who, recollecting the night in which he had parted from him, was in some doubt whether it was a man or a spirit he was conducting.

CHAP. XXXVI.

What befel Mrs. St. Arno and her Niece, and an Introduction to the Marquis of Hardenbrass.

Using the privilege of authors, that of choosing which way they will travel, and shewing the preference always due to the female sex, of whose witching influence we have been in our life-time but too sensible, we will leave Mr. Haverill to pursue his journey to H—, and follow Mrs. and Miss St. Arno.

Shivering with cold and a little with apprehension, they remained where he had left them, and were at last joined by the boy with the post horses, who after many efforts succeeded in moving the carriage and releasing the ladies. They went on in safety till they had reached the high road, and the postillion, under

the idea of making a push, fairly overturned the carriage, and pitched poor Dunn almost up to her neck in a ditch.

Happily, though much frightened, the ladies were not materially hurt, and their honest landlord opened the door as well as he could, and was proceeding to assist them, when an equipage from Rhanvellyn approached, and stopped just before it reached them.

The Marquis of Hardenbrass being in the carriage sent his servants, and his chaplain, who that morning accompanied him, to assist the ladies, professing that he would have alighted himself, but that he feared an attack of the gout; and the chaplain, who was a man of taste, no sooner saw Anarella's face, than he exerted himself to release her, and in spite of her entreaties to be set down he carried her to the carriage of the Marquis, who received her with the greatest politeness; assuring her that he was particularly happy to have been passing at a time when

he could be useful to her. Mrs. St. Arno was soon brought to her niece, and the men servants set about delivering Dunn. The Marquis, who had heard of the ladies at Rose Cottage, and guessed these were they, had taken his resolution, and ordering his postillion to turn the carriage and drive back to the castle, he apologized for doing so without consulting them, but said he knew that at Pont-y-V— the accommodations were very miserable, and he was certain that Mrs. St. Arno's health would suffer from the accident, unless particular care was taken of her.

"Then I am to understand, Sir," said Mrs. St. Arno, "that I speak to the Marquis of Hardenbrass?"

The Marquis bowed; and was not displeased to see the deep blush that suffused Anarella's cheek. He attributed it to the favourable impression, he and his rank had made on the young lady, and nothing passed to undeceive him.

"From the road I perceived you came,

Madam," said the Marquis, " I believe I am right in supposing that I have the honour to see Mrs. St. Arno?" " May I ask where your Lordship heard my name?" asked Mrs. St Arno.

" In a country so thinly inhabited as this," replied the Marquis, " the addition of any single family will of course be a subject of conversation, even when the parties are less conspicuous than Mrs. St. Arno can ever be. You make me happy, Madam, by honoring Rhanvellyn Castle with your presence, and I assure you I was on my way to pay my respects to you at this very time."

" My Lord," replied Mrs. St. Arno, " you do me honor, and for a day or two my niece and myself will avail ourselves of your politeness. I beg that my carriage, if possible, may follow me with my woman." The Marquis pulled the check string, and Mrs. St. Arno gave her orders to the footman, who returned to see them executed, and very soon Mrs. St. Arno's

carriage, containing the disconsolate Dunn, and the Chaplain, followed that of the Marquis to Rhanvellyn, while the poor landlord was left to trudge back to Pont-y-V— where his only consolation was to find his horse safe and well taken care of.

Mrs. St. Arno had suffered so much during the morning, that she was really ill before she arrived at Rhanvellyn Castle, and Amarella's anxiety and agitation were in consequence very great. Yet the romantic road she passed, and the tremendous rushing of the waters, now in their sublimest state, did not escape her notice, and the Marquis as they proceeded, pointed out to her the most striking points of view. He was a man of acknowledged taste as well as politeness, and contrived to be almost at the whole expence of the conversation during the journey.

When they reached the castle, he conducted them into the drawing room, and perceiving that they were really ill, and

fatigued, he rung for the housekeeper, and ordered her to shew the ladies to their apartments, and receive their orders. Then turning to Mrs. St. Arno he said, "In this house, Madam, you will I hope favour me by giving what commands are most agreeable to you. My usual dinner hour is six, if you are sufficiently recovered to join my friends and myself we shall infinitely rejoice, if not you will order dinner at what hour you please." So saying he bowed politely, and left them with his housekeeper.

This person was a woman about forty, rather good-looking than otherwise, with a foreign countenance, and a certain air which some have called a *janty* air, and which we confess ourselves at a loss to find a better name for. She was at the same time very obsequious, and very self-sufficient in her manner, and did not impress the ladies with a favourable opinion of her.

Mrs. St. Arno, supported by her niece,

followed her into an elegant apartment, ready for the reception of visitors, with a good fire in the grate, and feeling herself far from well, she determined to go to bed for a few hours.

"I will thank you, Ma'am," said she, "to send my boxes, which must by this time be arrived, into the dressing room, and to order me a bason of water-gruel. I should chuse too to have my bed warmed, and I must beg you to take care of my poor woman, and have her put to bed directly: I fear she is very ill." The woman made a curtsey and retired, and Anarella took off her aunt's pelisse and bonnet, and placed the easy chair before the fire for her. They then agreed upon dining at all events in their own apartment that day, and were proceeding to observe upon the eventfulness of the day, when the housekeeper returned. She asked if the young lady would give her leave to shew her an apartment; to which

Mrs. St. Arno replied, that she and her niece always occupied the same room.

"There is no occasion, Madam, here," said the woman, in a sort of guttural English with a German accent, "this house is quite a town, we can accommodate very large parties, and my Lord expects some ladies to-day."

"May I beg the favour of your name, Madam?" said Mrs. St. Arno.

"My name is Shank, Madam," replied the woman.

"Well then, Mrs. Shank, I thank you for your attention, and I doubt not you are fulfilling the will of your Lord; but one room is as much as we wish to occupy," said Mrs. St. Arno.

The woman coloured deeply as if offended, and again retired. When she was going out, Anarella rose to see that the door was closed, and then said, "I don't like that woman's face, I would not trust her."

"It is wrong to judge hastily, my dear," replied her Aunt, "but I must own it is not prepossessing. Perhaps we are judging her from the company she keeps."

"Who do you mean? the Marquis?" said Anarella; "he is at least better *countenanced* than his woman."

A noise in the dressing room now gave notice that their boxes were come, and Anarella hurried out to find her Aunt's night things. While she was opening the chaise seat to look for them, Dunn all mud and anxiety rushed into the room, and expressed her pleasure at finding Miss again. She would have staid to wait on her lady; but Anarella insisted upon her going immediately to bed, and taking some mulled wine, which command, at last, she complied with. A woman servant carried her packages, and attended her to her room, and Anarella desired the mulled wine might be brought to her, as she should see herself that her

maid did not refuse to take it. She then put her Aunt to bed, and gave her her gruel, after which she followed Dunn's attendant, who said she was sorry to take her such a long way, but the servant's rooms were very far off. Anarella cared not for distance, and she followed her in silence to another wing of the house. But we think it time to conclude our first volume, having lodged our fair ladies in Rhanvellyn Castle: those who are desirous of knowing what passed there, will peruse our second.

END OF VOL. I.

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